# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

The esteemed *Globe* is probably endowed with a very superior class of judgment. It is never at a loss for an opinion of some sort, and it frequently urges it with a vituperative earnestness betokening great zeal and unlimited confidence in itself. Unfortunately for it the majority of the electors of Toronto are prone to differ with the *Globe*. In Dominion politics it has been once with the majority within the memory of man, and once every ten or fifteen years its opinion coincides with that of the average ratepayer. Of course, on party lines, the *Globe* can hardly expect to win in Toronto—this is the easier way to put it, though some say that the party can never expect to win with the *Globe* on its side—but in nearly every case where the election is non-partisan the *Globe* is still with the minority. Last Wednesday was another example of its almost unbroken series of defeats. It always consoles itself that it was right and that it is better to be against the wrong than with the victorious, but is it not a little too much even for supreme egotism to affirm that in Dominion, Provincial, municipal and school elections it is always right and the people always wrong? Now that the verdict has been recorded so often it might be just as well for the *Globe* brethren to revise their system of deciding what is prudent and progressive.

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The threat of the University authorities to cancel the lease of the Queen's Park and avenue, on the surface looks like a game of bluff, and the intention seems apparent to utilize the unpardonable neglect of the city authorities for the purpose of exacting a large sum of money from the city for the use of the Provincial University. This, however, does not alter the fact that those in power in Toronto for the last few years have inclined the view that details and to ordinary commercial exactness in the transaction of business are below the dignity of either the mayor or aldermen. Everything has been done so loosely and with such an utter disregard of business principles that it will take some such lesson as the threatened seizure of the Park to teach those holding public trusts to hedge themselves about with all the guarantees found so necessary in private business. If the position of the University authorities is tenable, the city need not be surprised to see their demands enforced. A million, or a million and a-half dollars are not so easily found that the opportunity will be passed over while the provincial seat of learning is so in need of funds. If the Park and avenue were to be sold the prices brought would be enormous. Jarvis and St. George streets would lose their glory, and the great residences would be built on the land thrown open for occupancy. No doubt the sum realized from the sale of such lands would exceed even the estimate already put upon it. No matter whether there is a disposition to exact the pound of flesh or not, those who have been in charge of the city property should have the record of their dealings investigated, and if, as has been alleged, they have been negligent the earliest opportunity should be seized to dismiss them from public life forever.

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My old friend ex-City Solicitor McWilliams has by no means dropped out of public life though he has lost his public office. If I mistake not his dismissal will be financially to his profit, and inside of a couple of years as a railway advocate and from his retainers as counsel against the city he will be making double the salary he used to draw.

* * *

Roscoe Conkling, the most polished, incisive, courageous and relentless of United States politicians has passed away. Overbearing and haughty by nature, cold and almost repulsive in his demeanor towards those thrown in contact with him, the magnificence of his rhetoric and his thorough knowledge of men gave him a place in American politics of singular strength. Blaine alone of all the Republican leaders had a greater personal following, but the personal magnetism of the latter, even coupled as it was with the gift of oratory, could never stand before Conkling, whose public life was irreproachable and whose tongue was as sharp and brilliant as a Damascus blade. For many years within their own party they were jealous of each other, and when Blaine entered Garfield's ministry Conkling could hardly contain his bitterness and in a fit of pique resigned and returned to Albany expecting to be triumphantly re-elected senator by the New York State Legislature. But American politicians have but little sympathy with schemes of revenge and personal animosities, and it was not surprising when Conkling and "Me-too" Platt were sat upon by their own party and left in private life. From that time Conkling did not re-enter the arena, and passed from Mugwumpery almost into the camp of Democracy itself. Though he busied himself with the practice of law, he was still stirred by his earlier political ambitions, and with his returning influence would have been a powerful factor in the coming presidential election. He has passed away. The withering sarcasm of his tongue is silent forever; his court-room duels, which were the delight of the newspapers, are over; his revenges unaccomplished; his ambitions ungratified; and, brilliant as he was, his memory will be unblessed, while the name of many a smaller man and weaker intellect will be written higher than his in the history of his country. Selfishness, both in his private and public life, was his bane, and it can be said of him that he "loved not wisely but too well," inasmuch as he loved himself alone.

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Regarding the Separate school election, the Archbishop has evidently made a mistake which will not be the less aggravated in its results if by arbitrary exercise of clerical power he should be able to secure the election of Hon. Mr. Anglin as trustee in St. Andrew's ward. His claim that the fight has long since been removed from the abstract question of the ballot or open voting in Separate school elections has but little force. It may be true, as he feels, that certain hot-headed agitators have sought to seize the management of the Separate schools and defy his Grace, but it is too near the close of the nineteenth century to seek to dictate to his parishioners in temporal matters. The present fight is a small one, but the principle involved is great, and the opposition and factional feeling aroused will not soon be quelled. If the party opposed to him is defeated in the present struggle, it will manifest itself as a disturbing influence in a dozen other ways, and the unquestioned control his Grace has exercised in his church councils not only in the diocese but throughout the province will have passed from him. If he is defeated the humiliation will embitter the few remaining years left to the venerable prelate who, great as his mistakes may have been, has without ceasing, in season and out of season, struggled to place the Roman Catholic church in a high position both in influence and discipline. It is a pity for himself that not content with the victories he had won he has heaped his winnings into a scale which may be overbalanced by the legitimate, progressive and independent impulses of the adherents of his church.

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Three months ago in speaking of the proposed introduction of the ballot into Separate school elections I called attention to the absolute certainty of such a contest as is now taking place, if the ballot were not adopted, and expressed the opinion that the Catholics of Ontario would not long leave themselves open to the taunt of their Protestant neighbors, that their electoral privileges had been limited, if not usurped, by their spiritual advisers. Baldly put, it is apparent to every one who watches the conflict from without, that if Archbishop Lynch has a right to nominate a candidate and resent opposition by excommunication or to defeat it by ordering priests to stand at the polls to coerce voters, the election is a farce, and at once he might as well arrogate to himself the prerogative of appointing the trustees without the intervention of the formality of an election. I feel sure that the Archbishop does not desire to be tyrannical, but naturally takes the church view of it, and this contest, like many another, is the outcome of his belief that he is better able to take charge of the educational as well as the spiritual interests of the diocese than the electors themselves, and that in the contest between Messrs. Dunbar and Anglin he is simply opposing a radical movement within the Church, which, if it be permitted to extend, will finally demand control of the vestry and divest the pontiff himself of the absolute supremacy he now holds. Even if this contention be right—and everything in the history and progress of the century indicates a determination of the people to have a voice in the control of everything in which they are interested—it would still be better for his Grace to endeavor to control rather than suppress the movement.

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The air is full of a local church scandal, and doubtless before this reaches the public the particulars will have appeared in the daily papers. An incident of this sort is most regrettable, because it not only ruins the clergyman and women involved, but it will be used by scoffers to discredit the sacred cause of religion. Dr. Fulton has been talking much of the improprieties and indecencies which, he alleges, characterize the conduct of the priests; that he should be so quickly answered by a scandal involving the pastor of a Protestant church should silence those who have been so eager to reiterate his statements and dwell upon them as if imprudence and immorality were confined to the celibate clergy of the Catholic church. In referring to the matter once before I called Dr. Fulton's attention to the fact that, while human nature is as weak and imperfect as it is, scandals will creep into every church. It is most unfair to deal in surmises, which before they have long left the lips of the speaker are materialized into direct charges. The priesthood in both the Catholic and Protestant churches is beset by temptations; the very nature of their office frequently couples opportunity and temptation. The emotional nature of many who enter the clergy, the unsought confidences, the adulation, the sympathy which is as much animal as mental of the many who surround the preacher, make the test of his virtue an exceedingly severe one, and that so few fall is one of the many evidences of the strength which cometh to the man who communes with God.

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Star actors, lecturers and singers, if of handsome appearance, are very frequently pestered with letters from silly women carried away by their admiration of the speech or song, who are ready to commit almost any imprudence if temptation is thrown in their way. So in churches there is frequently an unreasonable and unreasoning passion formed for the pastor, and none but those who have passed through such temptation can understand how easily any woman or well-intentioned man can fall. Although it appears in the present instance that the guilty man is deeply involved in intrigues, and that his sin is not that of "one dark hour," but that which hideth in the blood, every one should remember that he is but a man and that his sin cannot be laid to the charge of the church which was not slow to punish him, strip him of his office and take from him the seal of its ordination. Bitter and lasting will be the disgrace and consuming will be the agony of the fallen one who has so besmirched the garments of his sacred calling, that, beaten and naked, he must stand before an accusing world. Those who will suffer most, outside of the ones involved in the scandal, will be the pious people who have contentedly listened to hypocritical prayers and the preaching of one who was unworthy to stand unabashed in their midst. While the world lasts these things will ever and again disturb, but they cannot disgrace the cause of Him who said, "He who is without sin among you cast the first stone." DON.


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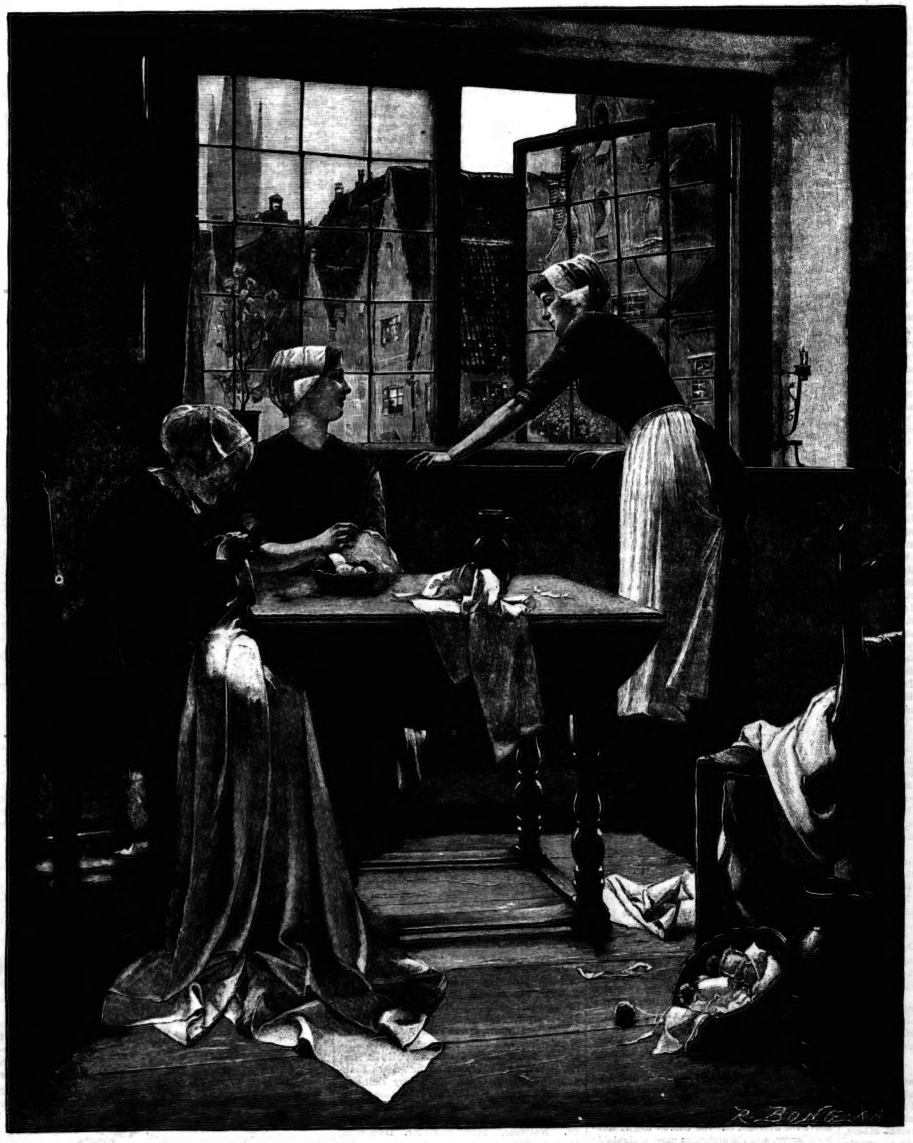
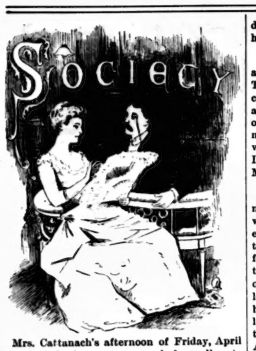


THE POSTMAN'S CALL. *By E. Thiel.*




Mrs. Cattanach's afternoon of Friday, April 13, was indeed a success, people from all parts of the city arriving in a constant stream from five till six o'clock. Mrs. Cattanach's house is peculiarly well adapted for giving large entertainments, being a double house with spacious rooms on either side of the hall. And when an invitation to such a house is received, the refusals are "few and far between," except from those who refrain from all afternoon dissipations on firm principle. Mrs. Cattanach, attired in a rich and heavy satin of a fashionable shade of blue, fitting her well proportioned figure perfectly, looked unusually well, and welcomed all with a hearty handshake and pleasant smile. Passing across the hall to the dining-room, my eye was delightfully attracted by the artistic appearance of the refreshment table. The center-piece was a bowl filled with Easter lilies, intertwined with smilax—smaller vases about the corners held roses and hyacinths. The usual variety of bon-bons, creams, cakes and jellies were there, of course—one cannot always feast on flowers.

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If a large number of guests makes a success, and such is generally the case, at any rate in the afternoon, then undoubtedly Mrs. Cattanach was successful. Her At Home was probably the largest affair of the kind this winter. The pretty house on St. George street, does not look a large one from the street, but its rooms are spacious and it extends far back. In the drawing-rooms the crush was a little severe, but the refreshment rooms were never overcrowded, and the fine billiard-room at the north, either because people were ignorant of its existence or because they preferred to be where everybody congregated, was almost empty. Very few of the faces which at all such houses one naturally expects to see, could not be somewhere found, though to approach those who chose to light the thickest part of the throng was a matter of some difficulty, requiring, at any rate, a slight effort of physical force.

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Among the familiar faces were Miss Robinson, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Merritt, Miss Morris of Guelph, Mrs. Merritt, Mr. W. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. Arkle, Mr. Wm. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ellis, Mrs. Mallock, the Misses Morris, Mrs. Heinameu, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Yarker, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. De Lisle, Mr. W. R. Moffatt, Mrs. G. W. Torrance, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Hugh J. Macdonald, Miss Vankoughnet, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Capt. MacDougall, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Grassett, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Miss Boulton, Mr. Arthur Boulton, Mr. and the Misses Shanley, Mrs. Wynn, Miss May Jones, Mr. Powell Roberts, Mrs. Fred Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Vernon Payne, the Misses Todd, Miss Ince, Mr. Jas. Ince, Mr. and Miss Brough, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Brehant of Montreal, Mr. Creichton-Stuart, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Mr. Harry Gamble, Miss Dumoulin, Mr. Goldingham, Mrs. Otter, Miss Cumberland, Mr. Foy, Mrs. Willie Baines, Miss Spratt, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Armour, Messrs. Spratt, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Mrs. Hellmuth, Mrs. Edward Browne, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Mr. and Miss Langmuir, Mr. Fox, Mrs. Chas. Temple, Miss Temple, Mrs. Chris. Baines, Miss Alice Covernton, Mr. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Gibson and Miss Montizambert of Quebec, the Misses Denison, Miss May, the Misses Birchall, Mr. R. Thomas, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Monk, Miss Susie Baldwin, Mr. Hollyer, Mrs. George Crawford, Miss Wragge, Miss Hector, the Misses Rutherford, Miss Mabel Cawthra and Mrs. John Cawthra.

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The engagement of Miss Susie Jones, second daughter of Mr. Sidney Ford-Jones of 52 St. Patrick street, late of Brockville, Ontario, to Mr. Hague of Montreal, is announced.

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The marriage of Miss Ruth Morphy, second daughter of Mrs. Morphy, Bloor street east, to Mr. Kilgour of the Bank of Montreal, Brockville, takes place in August. Her younger sister's wedding comes off in June.

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Mrs. H. D. Ellis gave an afternoon tea last Saturday at her house, 74½ St. Patrick street. The charming hostess was assisted in entertaining her eighty or so guests by Miss Susie Jones, Mrs. Arkle and several others, who were untiring in their efforts to supply everyone with tea, chocolate, candies, etc. Some pretty and delightful piano solos were rendered by some of the guests. Small talk, laughter and life bubbled over in everyone's face and conversation, defying the philosophic words of wise old Longfellow:

"Life is real! life is earnest!"

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. William Armstrong, the Misses Strachan, Mr. Fokes, Miss Vankoughnet, Mrs. Nordheimer, Miss Langmuir, the Misses Todd, the Misses MacLean, Mr. Harry Hayes, Mr. Heaton, Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. James Ince, Miss Ince, Capt. MacDougall, Mr. Baynes-Reed, Mr. Widder, Mrs. John Duggan, Miss Tulloh, Mr. and Miss Muntz, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss Ethel McCarthy, Mr. Ross of Winnipeg.

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Mrs. Larratt-Smith also had a tea on Saturday, and many people availed themselves of her invitation before going to Mrs. Ellis'.

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A pleasant evening was passed by those who accepted the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor on Friday evening. Amateur theatricals was the leading feature of the evening, and it is needless to say the budding genius of future Ellen Terrys and Henry Irvings afforded much pleasure to admiring friends, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Miss Lee, Miss Mabel Lee, the Hon. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Ross, the Misses Ross, and Mrs. S. Platt.

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A week which on two nights at least has seen most of the fashionable world at the opera, which has contained one large dance and several afternoon teas, and which has witnessed two or three evenings, hard work in preparation for the Art Fair—such a week cannot be said to have been dull. *Apropos* of the much talked of Fair, I hope it will not be found that the large numbers employed in the various shows have taken too many of those who would be likely to be most free with their dollars from the ranks of spectators and money spenders. A young gentleman of the "masher" persuasion assured me the other day that the World's Fair and the Kermiss had cost him $10 a night, and that he had enrolled himself in the May Masque, hoping that when the time comes for the Fair and he strolls round the booths, his fair friends will recognize that he is an actor, and will spare his pockets.

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Under the *nom de plume* of Seranus, Mrs. Harrison is well-known to the reading public of Canada. It seems that the lady's talent is not confined to literature alone, and under her able direction real progress is being made with the May Masque, a show which will be of a very novel and interesting character, and which, with Mrs. Vernon's minuet, will be one of the chief attractions of the Art Fair. At a rehearsal last Saturday evening, in a studio on King street west, Mrs. Harrison seemed to have her pupils fairly in hand, and some definite notion of what was required of them appeared to be understood by the performers. The entry of new-comers at each successive practice is a serious draw-back, and materially retards the progress of those who have attended from the first. In less than a month all will have to be ready. The list should now be closed, and so much has to be learnt that all should make a point of taking advantage of every single rehearsal.

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The following ladies and gentlemen are to take part in Mrs. Vernon's minuet. Already some of the grace and courtesy of movement which they are learning, is distinctively noticeable in their every day deportment. Mrs. Nordheimer, Miss Merritt, Miss Maud Yarker, Miss Davison, Miss Hodgins, Miss McCarthy, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Messrs. Vernon, Roberts, Wallace Jones, Reginald Thomas, Hodgins, Shanley, Benjamin Cronyn, Hollyer. Eight couples in all. I hope for the sake of Toronto's prestige, that the chivalric bearing acquired by their present training will not have deserted them even in the ball-rooms of future winters.

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Which recollection reminds me of a blot on Toronto chivalry, a breach of manners often perpetrated by some of her best-known society men. Who, that has attended many parties, either in this or past seasons, has not witnessed the sight which I am about to describe, nay, who is there that has not suffered physical pain from its effects? Mr. Dancewell is tall and lithely strong; Mr. Beauman is short and corpulently heavy. Either of these gentlemen, or both, are standing at the end of a room of considerable size. At the door at the further end enters, we will say, Miss Lovedance, who appreciates Mr. Dancewell's peculiar charms, and one whom he must accost at once. What he must do in such a case he always does. With eyes fixed only on his goal, and with ears deaf to expostulations on his route, straight as a die he shoots across the crowded room.

"Ladies to right of him,
Gallants to left of him,
Totter and tremble."

But he regards them not at all; his goal reached he becomes once more a Christian. If Miss Flirtbard had come in instead of Miss Lovedance, Mr. Beauman would have been the chief actor in this drama, or if both ladies had entered together, the rush would have been double, and disastrous the result thereof.

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I do not of course pretend that the mischief done by these gentlemen or others who resemble them is in any way wilful. The fact is that sometimes so anxious are they to reach a particular place or person, that they absolutely forget all obstacles, and make their course as if none such existed.

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Rarely has the Grand Opera House contained larger or more brilliant audiences than on the first three nights of this week. On Monday this was so eminently the case that I could not help pondering whether the performance was quite worthy of the audience. Miss Abbott's voice has qualities which are indeed rare, perhaps almost unique. A very high note sung pianissimo is certainly not often to be heard, but Mesdames Patti, Nevada, Juch, etc., content the world as they are, and I do not recommend them to seek after an effect so supremely *outre*. In the Trovatore the singing of some of the principals was certainly well above the average, but the chorus might have been larger, and the orchestra most undeniably left much to be admired. It is beyond my power to attempt to name the multitude of familiar faces I could see in the orchestra chairs, let it suffice to say that the boxes looked their best and seemed to contain one large theater party, of which were Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Miss Manning, the Misses Shanly, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Armour of Cobourg, Captain Geddes, Captain Sears, Messrs. Fox, Cassimer Dickson, Boulton, Shanly.

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A morning paper last Saturday, in some paragraphs headed "Society," noted the popularity of theater parties this winter, and deplored the success of such "an Americanism." Now, if theater parties are American, which I should not have thought was especially the case, they are, nevertheless, particularly good fun. If our friends in the United States invented them, all honor to their inventive powers. Progressive euchre we abhor, and germans we are doubtful about, but theater parties are a different matter. A light supper on leaving the play is also an enjoyable meal, and if care as to how the promoters of the feast can pay the bill is likely to interfere with the enjoyment of the guests, surely the latter have only to stay away. Stick to politics, oh, weighty journals! the ways of society are not in your line.

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Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell returned from Washington this week, the latter looking all the better for her short change. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon arrived from Ottawa on the same day as the Lieutenant Governor from the South, so that Government House is once more as the society of which it is the pivot likes it to be.

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Miss Ritchie, daughter of Chief Justice Sir William Ritchie, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Vernon home from Ottawa, and is the guest of Miss Marjorie Campbell at Government House.

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Amongst fair visitors from the east is Miss Armour of Cobourg who is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour on Cecil street.

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Mr. Creichton-Stuart, of London, England, who has been making a short stay with Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park, and who is on his way on a tour round the world, has left for the Pacific coast.

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Miss Brehant of Montreal who has been the guest successively of Mrs. Hamilton Merritt on St. George street, and of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong on Ross street, has returned to Montreal for a short period.

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Mr. Vaneck of Montreal is in town.

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Many Toronto people went to Hamilton on Wednesday to be present at the wedding of Miss Marjory Hendrie to Mr. Braithwaite, of the Bank of Montreal, Calgary. The wedding was one of the largest and most gay that Hamilton has ever seen. Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrie have a great reputation for hospitality, which, on an occasion of so much importance, was of course very fully maintained. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Messrs. Fuller, John Morrow, Pipon, Shanly and William Spratt were amongst the guests from this place. The rejoicings of Hamilton were reflected even in Toronto, for a procession of several hundreds of Mr. Hendrie's wagons, all decorated with flags, patrolled the principal streets at midday.

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Two rehearsals for the minuet were held this week at Government House. Rehearsals they were called, but the strain of unnatural attitudes and postures could not be kept up for too long, and that limbs might lose their stiffness, the familiar waltz and the well-known polka were called into requisition.

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Mrs. Chas. Riordon's reception to about five hundred guests on Thursday evening, proved a greater success than evening entertainments, other than dancing parties, usually are. The decorations were really magnificent, the plan of the house rendering it an easy task to beautify it with flowers. Up the grand staircase, which faces the front door, and which is modelled in style after Government House, two rows of plants in bloom lined each side. The drawing-room mantelpieces were banked with white and red carnations, while those in every other room throughout the house were treated in the same way with roses of all hues and kinds. Plants in full blossom stood in every conceivable corner and nook—from amongst which peeped many rare and costly knick-knacks of old china, wedgewood, antiques and curios, some of which adorned many a cabinet and shelf. The dining-room, truly, was a "thing of beauty." In the center of the room stood the table laden with the good things of life, with a center tray of calla lilies, about three feet by two, and standing a foot high. This was again surrounded by minor tables also covered with dainties, looking like satellites, and each being a triumph of floral table decoration.

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The moving throng which added fire and life to this scene was represented by Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Monk, Mr. Percy and Miss Hodgins, Mr. Fox, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bunting, the Misses Rutherford, the Messrs. Spratt, Miss Madeline Spratt, Mrs. Douglas Armour and Miss Armour of Cobourg, the Misses Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Baines, Miss Alice Covernton. Miss Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Buchanan, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Crooks, Capt. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, the Misses Langtry, the Misses Kemp, Mrs. Langtry, Miss Kingsmill, Rev. Mr. Webster, the Misses Foy, Mr. A. G. Foy, Mrs. Macpherson Skae, Miss Constance Cumberland, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. J. Powell Roberts, Mr. George Michie, Mr. Creighton-Stewart of London, Eng., Mr. Percy Goldingham, Mr. Hollyer, Miss Shanklin, Miss Horrocks, the Misses Parsons, Mr. E. Fokes, Mrs. Hoskins, Mr. Audrey and Miss Hoskins, Mr. and Miss Macrae, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, the Misses Harris, Mrs. Llewlyn Robertson, the Misses Bethune, the Misses Osler, Mr. Henry Bethune, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Miss Hill, Mr. W. R. Moffatt, Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Rev. Dr. Nattrass, Miss and Mr. Dumoulin, Miss Taylor of Ottawa, Mr. Fred Gillespie, Miss Murray, Mr. George Dunstan, Captain Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, Miss Wright, Mr. Philip Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Widder, Miss Hart, Mr. Hart, Mr. Houston, Mr. McMurrich, Mrs. Grantham, Mr. L. R. and Miss O'Brien, Miss Maud McCutcheon.

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The hostess wore a handsome costume of black lace over a pale mauve, with diamond ornaments. Mrs. Bunting, her sister, had on ruby velvet with brocaded petticoat. Miss Bunting looked charming in white liberty silk and yellow ribbon streamers. Miss Ethel Langtry, pale heliotrope merveilleux and crepe, headdress, gloves and fan. Mrs. Monk was in a handsome black velvet with gold embroideries and gold lace, court train. Miss Hoskins was dressed in a

*(Continued on Page Eleven.)*

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## Nym Crinkle's Scalpel.

Mr. James O'Connor is an example not of monomania but of melomania.

Let me acknowledge his sweetness and light as a man, which are not interesting, and speak of his mania as an actor, which is.

Melomania is very common among actors and managers, and it has many phases. But in all its forms it betrays itself in the perversion of the judgment with regard to a particular person's ability—either the patient or some other person. When the person is himself the subject of delusion it is egosthenia (not eurosthenia); when another person is the object it is melosthenia—the other person becoming an object of sweetness and light.

I propose here to give you examples of the two forms of delusion which I have named—egosthenia and melosthenia, and which, when placed before you, will be recognized as of common occurrence in the theatrical world.

Let me call your attention to Miss Eloise De Corbay Munkwitz. She is thirty-eight, a blonde, sinewy about the neck and square about the shoulders. Her eyes have depths in them and under them. Her hair and her teeth are golden. Her waist and her weakness is stout. Her fortune and her cheeks are slightly sunken. She is superbly educated, very refined, has a vigorous intellect and a clear judgment. She knows a Corot from a clam shell, reads Moliere in the original, composes *chansons*, plays well on the harp. She is of unimpeachable character, much honored by her personal friends, lives abstemiously and studiously, dresses richly but neatly, is rather sober and altogether sensible in her conversation and demeanor.

When I say her name is Eloise you will, if you are smart, be able to place her chronologically, for I suppose you know that there are name waves as well as weather waves. The Eloise wave set in over thirty years ago. It was succeeded by the Lilian wave, and has since been followed by the Gladys.

Well, this estimable, intelligent, and generally precious immortal soul set out to act. Her friends told her she could do a great many things with credit to herself and benefit to the race, but acting was not one of them. She put her money into dresses and teachers, she concentrated a number of excellent faculties on what she could not do, and utterly neglected what she could do. The public would not have her, and the critics said she had made a mistake. She quietly replied that she would struggle on, that no one got to the top of the ladder at the first bound, she knew that it required patience and perseverance. She spent her patrimony in more teachers and more dresses; so long as her money lasted there were managers to tell her that she had talent, and newspapers to say that she was a success. Whenever she appeared she was damned and she rose above the facts with a proud conscicusness that it was because the press had not been bought. She went on the road and met with misfortune, paid all the bills and came back. Her unimpeachable judgment told her it was the dishonesty of her agent. She gave a testimonial memorial benefit and the public stayed away.

After the wreck she was seen undaunted and unperturbed on her proud eminence, resting in the conviction that it was all owing to mismanagement. A self-sacrificing man with money offered to marry her if she would give up her delusion. She said she was wedded to her art.

The man of money replied that it was an invisible bridegroom and abandoned her.

She became impecunious, but remained obdurate. Charitable expeditions were organized to find her and help her. But her pride rebelled. She was still able to support herself by her art. And she died starving and quoting Shakespeare.

This is a case of egosthenia.

It was simply a difference of opinion between Eloise and the rest of the human race, and the race won. But Eloise was never conquered.

The disease is nothing more than the healthy function of believing in yourself carried to the point of insanity, and nowhere in the world is it so often carried to the point of insanity as in acting.

In some cases nothing but rotten eggs and dead cats will cure it.

That Mr. James Owen O'Connor is a sensible man on every subject but the subject of acting is very likely, for the moment he stopped acting and began making a speech to the audience, he ceased making a fool of himself and made a straightforward manly appeal. The jeers and laughter were turned to applause. People said, "This, at least, is something like horse-sense, and he is entitled to consideration."

But the moment he began to act an irresistible impulse seized everybody to hurl something at him for his blind effrontery.

Doubtless if you ask this gentleman if twice two make nine, or if a sonnet is necessarily a sardine, he will give you rational answers.

But try him on the question if he can act!

He doesn't believe that Mayor Hewitt can conduct a symphony concert, or that Nat Goodwin is a comedian, or that Nym Crinkle wrote The Still Alarm.

But he believes, all the same, that Mr. O'Connor can play Hamlet, and you can't reason with him about it.

You have seen, I suppose, an intolerable guy on the stage turn round with fire in his eyes when the audience didn't want him.

He seemed to think that he ought to decide what they should want.

This is a symptom of egosthenia.

It does not spare men and women of ability. I heard a celebrated prima donna, who came here when the nation was celebrating the fall of Richmond, say: "Dear me, what is all that noise about?" and when they told her she remarked, with a shrug: "How distressing! I should think they might have postponed it till after my concert."

Melosthenia attacks both men and women. It is default of judgment with regard to other people, and comes through the emotions. Men and women lose their judgment in their business through their susceptibilities. A manager may become a murderer, a thief, an incendiary and a grave robber, and still be able to tell if a woman is an actress.

But let him become a lover and try him.

I once asked Ned Wilkins why he abused a certain young lady in print so vituperously: "Why, she's my sweetheart," said he. "You don't suppose I'm such a fool as to let everybody know it, do you?"

Ned had begun to have symptoms of melosthenia and wanted to hide them.

Take Mr. Jarvis McCarboy, the well-known actor. Did you ever hear him speak of Miss Urania Flit, the ingenue? She has only been on the stage a year, but his judgment is utterly wrecked. If she plays Ophelia in a coffee sack he sees a subtle meaning in it, and with tearful dignity refers to it as a "touch that makes the whole world kin."

It is curious to observe how differently melosthenia affects the judgment of men and of women. If Gladys Shimp, the well known emotional, should fall in love with a negro she would insist that he is a white man.

If Mr. Jarvis McCarboy should fall in love with a negress he will not insist that she is a white woman, but that he prefers negresses, and that everybody else should.

There is little Miss Corkington Bilk, the burlesquer. She worked like a Trojan for ten years, saved her hard-earned money till she had ten thousand dollars, refusing half a score of splendid fellows who would have taken her from the stage just on account of her eyebrows and slippers. One day she met the notorious Eli Shove, the gambler, married him and dumped the whole ten thousand into his lap.

"Take me, take the money," she said. "I can earn more."

He gambled it all away, got drunk and knocked her down. She worked all the harder, and, lame and sick, crawled from the theater to the gambling hell to give him her week's salary to bet on the last card. They told her that some day he would kill her. Her eyes brightened, and a look of ineffable joy came into her face. "Do you really think so?" she asked.

He did!

These mild forms of insanity are observable in acting and in management. When an actor plays Hamlet as did Mr. O'Connor, we pass from pathos to pathology. We do not look for sympathy but symptoms. If there is a discernible evidence of talent in fitting the action to the word, there is also a betrayal of mania in unfitting it. If a man should read the words, "To be or not to be, that is the question," by patting himself on the stomach or by churning himself with his own sword, we should not wonder at his conception but at his demoralization. If, when he repeated the line, "It cannot be that I am pigeon-livered and lack gall," the whole assemblage as one man should rise up, and, forgetting propriety and moderation, should yell, "No, not by a d——d sight!" we should be justified in believing that an audience had drawn the line at sanity, if not at decency.

If an actor, in speaking the text of Hamlet, should act like a spinning Dervish, it would hardly be fair to subject him to æsthetic rules when cold baths and hygiene are so much more popular.

But that which is so marked in the last stages of Mr. O'Connor shows itself in earlier symptoms to the practiced eye in other actors. Mr. Nat Goodwin's attempts to play serious comedy always have the same effect as Mr. P. T. Barnum's attempts to separate his monkeys into serio comics and heavy leads. It always strikes us as an interference with nature, as if someone should ask Miss Lillie Grubb to study music, or expect Marshal Wilder to stop being a Masher long enough to play Romeo.

But the sad fact remains. I suppose you know that Mr. Goodwin thinks he is a comedian and Miss Grubb thinks she can sing.

It is just at this point where people begin to think unthinkable things, that the wholesome world begins to tap its forehead and murmur, "Alas!"

I meant to have said something about egoschepalus or swelled head, which is being treated now quite successfully by some of the critical doctors, but the number of examples makes me hesitate where to begin. Besides, as it is only functional, and not organic, I think it may be omitted.

What I should like to write a treatise on at some time is epidemic melosthenia, or what may be called collective sweetness and light mania. Occasionally we see great numbers of people attacked with the disorder without any apparent specific cause, as was the case in the outbreak of Russelogia and Langtrytis and Terryconitis and Mania-Potter. The infectious character of these cerebral complaints has always been as much of a mystery as the popular outbreaks of æsthetic morality.

For several months a large portion of the inhabitants of New York were afflicted with what may be called an attack of Lillian Russell. It was very much like one of those plagues of the Middle Ages—say the sweating sickness—it came upon people without prevision, threw them into a sort of trance, and then left them as suddenly. All attempts to cure it were vain. The physicians only advised rest, and then let the disease run its course. One of the marked symptoms was delusion. The moment a person was attacked he began to believe that Russell was both an angel and a vocalist. As soon as he recovered his senses he denied that he ever held such a belief. Men were struck down while carrying on their business, and immediately set about making assignments and wills in favor of Russell. Car-drivers were attacked on their platforms, and seizing the company's money left their vehicles, and rushed off to buy sealskin cloaks and bonquets. One young man in the Lotus Club had himself tatooed all over in pale blue with her name.

The Terryconites never reached such a paroxysmal stage as this. It was mainly febrile, and was characterized by a low fever, much thirst and a perturbed fancy. But it lasted longer and was much harder to cure. Most of the patients were females and showed a strong inclination to go into solitude and erect shrines to Terry.

Dr. Horse H. Sense, a very skilful practitioner, met with considerable success in his method of treatment of this disorder. He introduced his patients to Miss Terry.

Most of them immediately began to recover.

I have heard, but cannot vouch for the statement, that this course of procedure in cases of Langtrytis not only utterly failed but aggravated the symptoms.

Dr. Sappington's advice that where these women caused such disorders they should be comes to maturity we may be sure the pomp and glory of arms will be dear to his soul.

The Imperial Crown Prince William and His Son.

## J. W. L. Forster.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, one of our leading artists, was born in the picturesque little village of Norval, on the banks of the River Credit, in the County of Halton. Very early in life his talent for representing objects graphically made itself manifest, and Mr. Forster has a lively remembrance of the trouble it caused in school when his schoolmates, eager to see what was coming, and forgetful of the sleepless eye, as it seemed to them, of the teacher, crowded around the youthful and ambitious draughtsman. Like a thunderbolt from the hand of the Olympian deity, down came the "awse" in their midst, and then ensued a scene for which none of us need draw on our imagination. Despite these little difficulties, Master Forster was encouraged by his teacher to pursue his art. He came to this city, where he studied and worked for about ten years. During this period he visited the principal art collections of Europe. In 1879 he went to Paris and studied with Jules Lefevre and Boulanger, but left them in a short time to study under M. Bouguereau, with whom he remained for three years. In the competition between the schools Mr. Forster took the first position after the winner of the diploma. By his painstaking study he gained the favor of his teacher, and with the favor the privilege of entrance to his studio. In this way he received many valuable hints and suggestions, which were afterwards of great service to him in his profession. Mr. Forster's pictures were twice admitted to the *salon*. In 1883 he returned to Canada, and has ever since resided in Toronto. Portrait painting is Mr. Forster's specialty, and he seems to have the proper conception of the importance of this branch of the profession. He ranks portraiture as second highest in the different classes of art—placing allegorical painting at the top. This view Mr. Forster has ably advocated in several magazine articles, from which we briefly quote, to illustrate his high conception of true portraiture: "Here stands upon the dais of our studio the highest thought of God amongst the works He has made. . . . . To paint him you must paint what he is; you will then paint what he has done, for it is written upon him; you will paint what he would do, for that is the declaration you read as you look upon him."

Mr. Forster has recently completed a pair of bijou portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, the former from life and the latter from a photograph. As a portrait specialty they are very attractive, and for likeness the friends regard them as excellent. Mr. Kirkpatrick is Deputy Surveyor General for Ontario.

We learn that subscriptions in aid of the academy building are coming in freely. It is gratifying to hear this, and it is to be hoped that large additions will be made to the list of honorary members before it closes. VAN.

## The Boston Deity.

"Ho maidens of Ma Chusetts, old mother of the States,
Ye daughters of fair culture, and all ye Boston's mates,
Who love a noble hero upon the Grecian plan,
As great Ma-Homed did adore the saintly muscle-man.

"Lend me your ears, dear Hubbies;" a woman 'twas who spoke,
Wendell Phillips Webster, strong as a gnarled oak,
Wendell, who with a hot-un death by her nobby left
Had many a classic lexicon in tiny pieces cleft.

The hall was filled with maidens of beauty and renown,
The M-ass and the B-ass of famous Boston town.
Each one could flirt in Latin, or chaff a beau in Greek,
And as for thinking Sanscrit, 'twas easy as to speak.

Around the walls on niches stood statues of the gods.
Heenan, the god of beauty, to god Tom Sayers nods,
And Hyer up than Bendigo great Morrissey is set,
Near to the Roxbury Chicken and the bonny Cambridge Pet.

But not on these ancient warriors were Boston's gigiamps cast.
Their record has been broken, their fame is gone and past,
But all eyes sought the center of the pugilistic ring
Where stood John L., his statue, their champion and their king.

He posed in godlike attitude caparisoned for fight,
And in the act of letting out with his too awful right.
A wreath encrowned his caput, a scowl incased his mug;
"So," quoth the Harvard maidens, "doth our Joannes slug."

Loud from her crimson dais the mighty Webster spoke;
"Lend me your ears, my sisters, this is no Punch joke.
It is not a horrid chestnut, nor a hippodroming fake.
The honor of our city, old pals, it is at stake.

"Forth from the land of foemen our classic slugger comes,
Let's meet him, girls, with trombones and bugles, and with drums,
Within a silver chariot let us our champion place,
And draw him to the citadel, 'cum kissibus'—Horace.

"Comes he not home in triumph, our lion-hearted John?
Was he not by the Briton most vilely set upon?
What chance had he to knock out a sneaking British crown
When every time he scowl-i-ed the meaty com went down.

"Did he not march in triumph from Lunnon unto York?
Was not his physog photographed from Derry down to Cork?
Did not His Royal Highness, the puffy Prince of Wales,
Call him his Boston chicken, his spouting King of Whales!

"Go crown his brow with laurels, ye maidens in your teens,
Bring to his altar offerings of pork incased in beans,
Flowers for the mighty John L., the champion of our land,
Kneel at his feet, ladies, on your favorite bags of sand."

Then from that hall of heroes rose one universal shout,
And Wendall Phillips Webster continued still to spout,
While a thousand arms, all muscle, which the statue did not check,
Were clasped around the hero, John Sullivan, his neck. LAM.

## The Crown Prince.

Every day we receive tidings across the water which seem to indicate that ere long another Hohenzollern will follow his aged father to the tomb. The imperial throne will then be taken by his son, Prince William, the subject of our picture. The speedy death of the present Emperor is deplored by many, who look to him as a man of peace, and who dread the accession to power of his son, whose stubbornness and warlike disposition are almost certain to bring on war. The martial vein in his temperament is well illustrated in his manner of dressing his son, the little Frederick William. "Bend the twig, the tree is inclined;" and if the precocious little soldier made to marry the patient is obviously absurd in epidemical outbreaks, for the actress cannot, of course, marry everybody. Although, I believe, Lillian Russell did start in with some such idea at one time.

Altogether the relative insanity of actors and of the public affords a very interesting subject to the psychologist, especially when, as very often happens, the psychologist cannot for the life of him tell which of the two it is that is maddest.—*Nym Crinkle in New York Mirror.*

SECOND PART OF THE THREE-PART STORY.

# Nelly Nettlefold's Lovers.

## CHAPTER III.

More water gliideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of.

When Amos Warden reached The Golden Rain he was informed that Mrs. Nettlefold had gone to her room to change her dress.

The maid showed him into a private sitting-room—a tasteful, pretty bower of a place where Nelly received her guest.

There was a moss-green carpet on the floor, paler tinted hangings, and drawing-room suite covered with delicate flowered plush. A canary sang in a gilded cage; a pretty window garden was full of sturdy ferns and delicate flowers. The grate was arranged with rights cork, like a rockery, and primroses peeped out of green moss, and ferns waved in beautiful abundance.

Some needlework lay on the table with the needle still in it, just as Nelly had laid it down; a novel lay open beside it, and on the piano stood some new songs. A few clever water-color sketches hung on the walls; a pair of new tan-colored gloves lay on the table, only one of which had been tried on.

As Amos walked moodily about the room, he noticed all these trifles with keen appreciation.

How delightful it would be to surround his darling with all the pretty things she loved!

Presently he heard the soft *frou-frou* of her skirts, and her light dancing steps, then she burst in upon him, a radiant vision in a fawn colored plush and cashmere, with the daintiest of plumed hats on her pretty head.

As the door swung to behind her Amos sprang forward and caught her in his arms, kissing her lovely surprised face rapturously.

"Oh, my darling, how can I thank you for your dear letter! It was as if heaven had opened upon me! You shall never repent your trust in me: and you shall be happy! Jenny is beside herself with joy!"

"Amos Warden have you gone mad? What does this strange conduct mean? It is not like you to take such an unwarrantable liberty even with an old friend. Tell me what you mean about a letter I never wrote."

Amos went white as death and staggered back, catching at a chair for support.

"You never wrote a letter to me! Oh, Nell—Nell, what has come to you that you can be so cruel! You would surely not try to trick a man who has loved you all your life! Think a second of Jenny's life and mine, so dull, so lonely, and of the great glad change your letter promised for us both. Oh, it will break Jenny's heart; she can't bear disappointment; and as to me, I feel as if I should go mad. God knows I have been patient, but to have the cup lifted to my lips and then dashed away—oh, it is too hard! I cannot bear it!"

Amos threw himself down on the tiny couch and laid his face in his hands.

Nelly's kind heart melted with deep compassion as she watched him; then, moved out of her self-command as she saw his broad shoulders heave, and heard his suppressed sobs, she threw herself on her knees beside him, then putting her pretty plump hand, on which glittered Tom's engagement ring, upon his neck, she said:

"Oh, Amos, I am so sorry for you. There must be some grievous misunderstanding; I like and esteem you too well to play any foolish tricks upon you; besides, old friend, women don't play tricks when they've turned thirty. Show me the letter you speak of."

Amos turned his face aside that she might not see his despairing misery, and putting his hand in his breast-pocket, pulled out the forged letter.

Nell took it with a start; the writing was so like her own, she could have sworn she had written it till she read its contents, then an angry flush dyed her fair face crimson.

"A cruel, outrageous trick. Who dare take such a liberty with my name? Oh, Amos, how can I tell you how grieved I am! You will believe me—won't you—when I say this is a cruel forgery! I only hope I may find out the coward who wrote it, and have this sin against you punished as it deserves."

She took the miserable man's head on her breast, as if he had been a child, and said softly:

"For your sake and my own, I wish what this letter says were possible, but I love my Tom, and he has my promise; but the next place in my heart is yours, dear old friend, and I would rather have cut off my right hand than have brought this disappointment upon you."

"I know you well, Nell; don't mind me, I shall be all right directly. You see, I can't bear two such shocks in one day. Think no morp about it, my girl; there is no harm done; things remain as they were before—we are good friends. Don't spoil your pretty face by crying. I am not a love-sick boy. 'Tis Jenny frets me most; she can so ill brook disappointment; she has had enough in her time, poor lass!"

Nelly knelt beside him still. She had laid her dainty hat aside, and her head was bent upon her breast.

Amos blew his nose heavily, then he rubbed his hands together in a way he meant to appear easy and cheerful, then his face softened, and, laying his hand on Nelly's head, he said, kindly:

"Don't upset yourself, dear. I was well recompensed for my pain by the sweet kisses I rifled from that pretty mouth. 'Tis you who ought to be angry with me."

"Angry with you! Oh, Amos, kiss me again and say you are not hurt!"

She wreathed her pretty arms about his neck, and brought her tear stained face close to his. He shivered strangely, and looked yearningly at the face he loved better than the light of day.

Then he put her away gently but firmly, saying:

"I can't bear it, dear; I am not a mummy, I am a man with all a man's craving for love in me. You are very kind, and I respect your kindness. Get up, and let us try to forget this foolish scene."

He lifted her to her feet, smiling into her face with a smile that cut her to the heart, it was so brave, so sad, so hopeless; her heart burned within her.

"Amos, you are a noble fellow, and if I lose my lover by any evil chance, I ask you to take me as a wife; but I owe to you my heart is in the contract that binds me to Tom."

"I know, dear; I must have been mad to think anything had come between you. Now, I think I'll go."

"Shake hands if you won't kiss me, Amos," said Nelly.

"If I won't kiss you! Don't you know I can't trust myself to kiss you as you wish. How cruel you women are, even when you mean to be kind! Good-bye dear; come and see poor Jenny as soon as you can."

Nelly saw him turn to smile as he stood in the doorway, then his heavy footfall mingled with the sound of approaching footsteps, and she covered her face with her hands, feeling how hard it would be for Amos in his humiliation and disappointment to meet her successful lover.

"I do hope Tom won't jeer him; he is not in the humor to stand it now, and no wonder."

As Amos Warden staggered into the sunshine like a man in a dream, all the healthy color gone from his fine face, he stumbled against Tom Gull in the doorway.

"Why, what's wrong, Mr. Warden? Mind where you are going—are you mad? You look as if someone had made an April fool of you."

Without a word Amos took the slight figure of his rival up in his arms, and dropped him gently into the middle of the horse-pond, saying grimly:

"You look very much like an April fool yourself, Master Tom."

Swearing and spluttering, mud in his eyes and on his spring suit, Tom struggled out of the mire, vowing vengeance against Amos, who strode along the dusty road, his mood considerably lightened by that little outburst of natural resentment, for it had suddenly dawned upon him that Tom sent him that letter; and as he went he thought to himself:

"A clever forgery, my young friend; but yours is talent that is likely to lead you into trouble."

## CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Nettlefold saw Amos left Tom like a baby and throw him into the horse-pond and then stride away out of sight, hidden from her by the screening trees.

She then flew to the pond and bade the stable-boy assist Mr. Gull to get out.

Tom's fine light suit and spotless shirt were soiled and splashed, and his usually trim figure looked a pitiable object.

His tiger, a boy of irrepressible spirits, doubled up with laughter, and many of the visitors, drawn to The Golden Rain by market-day, joined in the merriment.

This was too much for Tom; he lost his temper, offered to fight any one present, and ended by horsewhipping his page, a proceeding that so enraged Nelly that she dropped the boy, who was a favorite of hers, out of his master's hands, and said indignantly:

"For shame, Tom! Be a man, not a spiteful brute!"

The boy, red and tearful, climbed to his seat, and sat looking like a statue of injured innocence, while Tom, with an evil glance at the grinning faces in the bar, followed Nelly into her pretty sitting-room, saying, as he slammed the door after him:

"Well, I hope you are satisfied with your favorite's work. Perhaps you asked him to do it!"

"The idea did not originate with me, simply because Mr. Warden was too generous to pain me by hinting at his suspicions. I can guess now that he connected you with that insolent and brainless piece of pleasantry that was worthy only of an ignoble mind."

"What in the name of Old Nick do you mean!"

"Don't use that tone to me, Mr. Gull! I am not likely to put up with your insolence. That is what I mean; you heard me."

She held out the letter that had made an April fool of Amos Warden, and her hand shook as she did so, for her heart was still sorely aching for that good fellow's disappointment and humiliation.

"IT WAS CRUEL TO WRENCH APART SO SUDDENLY THE BONDAGE OF YEARS OF LOVE."

"I know nothing of any letter; it looks as if you wrote it yourself. 'Tis like a woman to want two string to her bow; but I shall not put up with that sort of thing, neither shall I stay here to take my death of cold. I did not come here to be insulted."

"No; you came here to insult my friends and myself by your brutal jokes, and you will oblige me by remaining away until you have given me an explanation of your unpardonable conduct."

Tom looked rebellious, but he saw resolution written on Mrs. Nettlefold's face.

"Now tell me how you dared to forge my name by tacking it to this piece of unwarrantable cruelty?"

"Why do you suppose I wrote that?"

"Because no one else knows of Amos Warden's unhappy love for me, and no one else had dared to act so cruel a joke on so good and noble a fellow. How could you do it, Tom? Think of his many trials so nobly borne. Need you add one pain more to the many he bears so uncomplainingly?"

There were tears of compassion in Nelly's soft brown eyes. She resented Tom's manner, which was insolent in the extreme, and resolved that for once she would be firm.

"I deny all knowledge of that ridiculous letter, and shall insist upon an apology from your elderly adorer. 'Tis hard lines that I should be annoyed—nay, outraged, because an old fool likes to go frantic over a supposed acceptance of a presumptuous proposal for your hand. By Jove! if I catch him poaching upon my preserves again he'll hear of it. I'll have a day of reckoning with him yet; there is a heavy account between us."

"I fancy there are many heavy accounts for you to settle, Tom."

"If that's a snack about the money I owe you, Mrs. Nettlefold, I must say I think it ill-timed."

"I was not referring to money, but another debt due to me—one of love and honor. Amos Warden showed you most unmeaskably in what estimation he held you; Jack Merrick may shortly follow his example."

"Jack Merrick! What can he say against me!"

"Much; and he will say it to some purpose, or I am mistaken in the man."

"I am not afraid of fifty such as he."

"Perhaps not; but remember

'Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just;'

and when a man defends those whose dependence makes them a sacred charge, his anger is just, and not easily appeased. What right have you to meet Mary Merrick after dark in her brother's grounds? Is it just to me, or to the foolish child whose name is being lightly handled about in public places, coupled unpleasantly with yours?"

"Oh, I see which way the wind blows; you're jealous again, Nell! How absurd it is! A woman of your age ought to have more sense. Mary is a jolly little girl to chat with, and fond of admiration. A man always likes to chat to a pretty girl under the rose, but 'tis only for a bit of fun."

"Perhaps, on your part; but Mary is very innocent of the world's ways; her youth and ignorance should appeal to your manhood to screen her, not to make her the subject of ill-natured comment. Besides, it is cruel to me to have to listen to the gossip of the town."

"If you had any sense you would not listen, and care less attach any importance to such nonsense!"

"If you loved me you would be careful that my feelings were not wounded by your reported conduct with another woman."

"If I love you? I think I am giving a pretty good proof of my dutiful affection standing here drying like this. By-bye-bye. I hope the damp won't hurt your carpet."

"Bother the carpet! Be serious, Tom. I last upon your writing an apology to Mr. Warden; I never saw a man more upset."

"I have not confessed to the fault yet. Pretty conceited of the old fellow to take it for granted! It strikes me it is I who ought to be jealous; it seems he is pretty confident of your affection. What a joke it all is! How did you undeceive him? Tenderly, of course?"

The mocking tone caused Nelly's color to mount painfully; she was very angry at the coarseness and bad taste her lover displayed.

"Tom, did you or did you not write that letter?"

"I refuse to say; I am not a child to be bullied by a woman. You had better take off your finery. I shall not drive you to Bexley to-day."

"Then I shall drive myself. I have business of importance in the town, and your father was kind enough to say I might use his horse and carriage; and I am going—you can please yourself about accompanying me. Your society would be no great loss, considering the state of your temper."

Nelly took up the pretty tan-colored gloves and began to put them on nervously, a heightened color on her face, her eyes ready to brim over with pained tears, for she felt bitterly hurt that Tom should have made her, his betrothed wife, the subject of a cruel joke.

"You can please yourself about going or remaining at home; I am privileged in the same manner. I shall remain here."

"Not here, Mr. Gull. Excuse me, but it is my private apartment."

Tom laughed.

"I am not a thief, Mrs. Nettlefold."

"Not in the common acceptance of the term, but what would you call a man who, being a welcome, honored, and trusted friend, stole the peace and happiness of a home, as you have here and at the Mill House? Oh, I despise myself when I think what a love-sick fool I have been to put up with your half-hearted devotion so long. Don't stand there mocking me with your taunts and smiles. I am hurt, I am in earnest, and once for all I tell you to choose between me and Mary Merrick. I won't be played the fool with any longer."

"It takes a wise man to play the fool," said Tom jeeringly.

"It takes a fool to discourage and dishearten friends of a lifetime. Tell me, will you go to the Mill House at once, taking me there as your acknowledged betrothed, and say to Mary Merrick, 'Mary, this is my future wife,' and so end any foolish misunderstanding, and satisfy me of your sincerity? Or will you take back the ring and promise you gave me over a year ago, and leave me to find peace if not happiness?"

"With Amos Warden?" sneered Tom, as she twisted the half-hoop of beautiful pearls on her taper finger.

"Leave Amos Warden out of the question, and answer me honestly. I will not be trifled with any longer."

"There's one thing about widows, they do not hesitate to come to the point with a fellow. 'Tis a sort of highwayman business with them, you know—'Marriage or your life.'"

"Will you answer me a plain question? Will you go to the Mill House and do as I desire? It is only just to Mary and myself; you cannot marry both."

"No, thank heaven! By Jove! what a life Mary would have with a spitfire like you."

"If Mary is the greater consideration, go. I wash my hands of a bad business."

"Well, Mary is certainly a consideration. She has not treated me to such a pretty show of temper."

"You may not have insulted and humiliated her through her friends as you have me. But I have been patient long enough; 'tis for you to decide, at once and for ever, whether our engagement shall be openly acknowledged or ended."

"Oh, I am glad you leave me a voice in the matter! Well, I shall decide nothing while you are in such a temper. I shall drive quietly home, think it over a quiet pipe, and return to you to-night at the usual hour, when I hope I shall find you in a better humor."

"I will not submit to this; since you cannot decide, I can; here's your ring—I release you from your promise to me; you are free to go to Mary. Meanwhile I shall drive myself to Bexley. I made up my mind to spend to-day as a holiday, and I am not going to disappoint myself."

Nelly threw down the ring and faced him, cool contempt in her fine eyes.

"Before you go, let me tell you I think that letter sent to a man so good, so honorable, proved you a cold-hearted scoundrel, and I am glad Amos Warden showed in a fitting appreciation he held your sense of humor. I am sorry you will have to walk home; I shall avail myself of your father's kind permission and use his horse."

Before Tom had recovered his breath she dashed by him, ran lightly down-stairs, and jumped into the high dog-cart, took the reins from the page and drove off in the direction of Bexley in fine style, determined to wear the willow for no man under Heaven.

## CHAPTER V.

Mr. Warden took the longest way home, and went by a path he long had shunned; the path that led past the mill-stream.

The late afternoon was glorious; the sky was gorgeous with flame-clouds that seemed to cut into the clear expanse of blue above him; the water rushing through the sluices foamed and sparkled like fairy springs; cows were standing knee-deep in the shadows under the tender budding green of the trees; hedges were white with hawthorn buds; the meadows, green and damp, were gay

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And ladies' smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

A brood of snow-white ducks gabbled gaily among the willow-weeds, and far away on the top of the hill gleamed the sunlit windows and quaint gables of the Red Farm, while close to him stood the gray stone tower of the old Mill House, while

In sheltered vale the mill-wheel
Still sings its busy lay.

And young birds chirped and old birds sung in sweet security in grass-grown orchards, where years before poor Jenny had first heard the lusty miller speak of love.

Amos Warden leant over the low stone arch, and watched the rushing water eddying onward to the river like the circling years:

Flowing onward, flowing ever.
Tarrying not and stopping never.

The rush and whirl of the wildly careering water seemed to get into Amos' head, the mill-wheel seemed to beat upon his brain, a strange sense of unreality and restfulness came upon him, he felt himself slowly inclining towards the leaping water. What had come to him?

He struggled instinctively against it, then swayed forward with a kind of lurch and fell headlong into the stream.

A man had been watching him from a doorway near—a man in the prime and pride of manhood.

In a second he had thrown aside his flowry coat, and sprung in lower down the stream, and after some little difficulty succeeded in bringing Amos ashore.

But the rescued man did not open his eyes, and an ugly wound on his forehead pointed to the reason.

Jack Merrick called some of his men, and they carried the insensible man into the house, and Jack undressed him, putting him in a clean white bed in the guest-chamber. Mary Merrick, a dark-eyed slender creature, shy and graceful as a fawn, peeped in when the doctor came.

She looked like a rose in her pretty pink gown, with its bows of russet velvet.

"I'm afraid Mr. Warden is likely to have a bad illness; 'tis very unfortunate, but he really must not be moved."

"He is heartily welcome to stay here, Dr. Black; the Merricks never turned their backs on the Wardens in times of trouble."

"How will his poor sister bear the seperation and suspense. He is all she had, poor girl!"

Jack pulled his fair beard and said:

"Women understand each other; I'll send Mary to her. Poor lass! We must pull him through this for her sake. What can be the cause of so sudden a seizure?"

"Some severe shock, I should imagine; he is in for a turn of brain-fever according to these symptoms. But he is in good hands—your aunt Rachel is a clever nurse."

"Yes; she likes it too; he will be safe with her. Do you think he'll get over it?"

"Well, I hope so, but it is a serious thing to be struck down like this, and he has a weak heart, which rather complicates the case."

Dr. Black pulled on his gloves and jumped up behind his fast trotting-mare, and as he took the reins he bent over Jack and said significantly:

"Better take the news to Miss Warden yourself, Merrick, and comfort her as only you can. She's not so delicate as she was—those big guns don't know everything. Now if the poor girl had a husband who loved her, I fancy a few years hence would see her stepping it out as proudly as my mare."

A great flush of joy ran all over Jack, and putting his hand on the doctor's arm he whispered:

"I did not give up the girl for my own selfish sake, doctor. I was shown the sin of such a union should children come to curse instead of bless it."

"Take my advice, be led by your own heart; only make a concession while you can, I'll warrant you'll never repent."

Jack stood watching the doctor's gig whirl away in a cloud of dust.

"Follow my own heart? Ah, it has long pointed up the hill. I've never seen my poor girl since I was persuaded to give her up like the coward I was. As if I could not have trusted it all to God, and in a few weeks she would have been my wife! Oh, I only wish she had been well! I swore I'd never put another in her place, and I never should, but it is a lonely life when one has loved and hoped."

He went back into the house and spoke to his aunt—a little bright-eyed old lady, who had kept house for him ever since his mother died. Then he went to his room, changed his clothes, and started for the Red Farm,

*(To be Continued.)*

### The Masher.

He—Would you permit me, Madam, to offer you my arm?
She—Sir, do you think—
He—Do I look as if I ever did think?

### The Great Man's Son.

It is not often that the sons of great men amount to much. Nature seems to have exhausted her supply of genius for a time when a great man is moulded, and shows an inclination to take a rest. And so it generally happens that the son is not specially endowed. He may look like his exalted father, walk like him, talk like him so far as intonation and voice are concerned, and write a hand that might easily be taken for the old man's, but when the supreme test comes he isn't there. There is something wanting.

And so he must be content to walk around under the shadow of his father's big hat, to be pointed out in public places as the son of so and so, and perhaps overhear the frequent remark that "he looks like his father, but he's no such a man and never can be."

If he sticks to private life all may go well, but woe to him if he is tempted to enter the field of politics or compete for official honors among struggling politicians. Then he finds the opposition papers filled with mean and contemptuous slurs, and sees his own poor talents brought in comparison with his father's genius in a very humiliating way. If he doesn't wish that he had never been born, he at least regrets that he didn't make his advent into the world ahead of his illustrious father, so that he might have a chance.

The great man's son not unfrequently resembles his sire in many of the good weaknesses and his vices, which are reproduced in an exaggerated and more repulsive form. If the father was intemperate the son may be a sot, though this is not so very strange, for if there were no inherited weaknesses to contend against, the depression incident to inheriting a great name without the talent requisite to sustain it, must inevitably drive a sensitive soul into dissipation.

No humble but persevering young man should ever suffer himself to envy the lot of the great man's son. He is an object of commiseration, rather, for he was handicapped from his start, and however considerable his own talents may be, he can never hope to soar above the shadow of a great name.


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## An Unwritten Tragedy.

In the Paris *Journal des Debats* for August 22, 1879, at the bottom of the second column on the third page, occurs a paragraph of which the following is a translation:

"About eleven o'clock last night an insane man who was found wandering about the streets bare-headed was apprehended by the police and taken to the station. An investigation revealed the fact that the demented was none other than Emile Pinard, the rising young advocate, who recently married the charming daughter of M. Baishrin. He will be taken to a private asylum to-morrow."

Like many another newspaper paragraph, these few lines portray the last scenes of an unwritten tragedy. Let us supply the missing acts:

On the 21st day of August, 1879, as M. Pinard was leaving the court-room, the following note was handed to him by a messenger:

No. 98 Rue de L'Aigle.

My Dear Friend,—As soon as these lines meet your eye fly to me. There are matters of profound importance upon which I must have your advice at the earliest possible moment. I conjure you, by our old friendship, drop all else and come to me at once.

Your friend, Francois Dellemarque.

Hastily dispatching a note to his wife informing her that he would not be home until after midnight, M. Pinard summoned a fiacre and was soon flying in the direction of his friend's residence.

"What can have happened to Dellemarque?" queried the advocate to himself as he was whirled through the crowded thoroughfares.

"His fortune is secure, his health is firmly established, he has no family—ah! now I wonder—I wonder if—yes, yes, that is it; my old friend has followed my advice and is about to take a wife. It must be so. Ever since my marriage with Adele he has avoided me. But that was to be expected. It is almost like a divorce when one of two old bachelor chums takes a wife to himself. And now that he has resolved upon the same fatal step he sends for me. Now we can be friends again, as of old.

"But why this haste, this urgency? Perhaps it is a secret wedding, and I am wanted as witness. I shall find my friend divided between the raptures of love and the agonies of tight boots. Well, well, if he only secure such a wife as Adele—provided there be another like her—and that is a matter for doubt—I shall be satisfied."

By this time the fiacre had reached the residence of Dellemarque. The latter met him at the door.

"You are kind," said he, embracing the advocate and leading him into the library. "You doubtless think that I require your professional services," he continued, when they had seated.

"No," replied Pinard. "You would not write me in this vein if there were nothing more than a few yards of red tape in the case But for a few yards of white silk—eh, Dellemarque?" and Pinard laughed roguishly.

Dellemarque looked fixedly at him and did not smile.

"You think—?" he said.

"I know."

"What?"

"There is a woman in the case."

Dellemarque started. His lips twitched nervously.

"How do you know?" he cried, in a hoarse voice.

Pinard laughed heartily.

"What a wretched failure you would make in the role of criminal," he said. "I should like to have you as a witness—on the other side."

"Then you know nothing!" said Dellemarque.

"On the contrary, I know everything—now. What I had guessed from your letter and your appearance is confirmed by your words. You have hopelessly criminated yourself, Dellemarque. There is no chance of escape but to plead guilty and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court. Youth, inexperience, temptation—all these will plead powerfully in your behalf. Doubtless there were extenuating circumstances. Put your case in my hands—with a suitable fee, say the secret of the fair one's name—and I will stake my reputation in clearing you."

Dellemarque smiled grimly.

"It is true," he said. "I am guilty. But it is no matter for jesting. Come to my private room, and I will, as you advise, put the case in your hands."

He led the way to a small room across the hall. The two friends seated themselves on opposite sides of a small centre table. The windows were heavily curtained, and the room would have been quite dark but for a fire which flickered unsteadily in the grate.

Dellemarque sank back in his chair and buried his face in his hands. After a long silence he began speaking in this posture. His voice, coming from between his hands, had a muffled and far-away sound.

"What is this mysterious sentiment called love?" said he, "which comes and goes, we know not how or why? Two years ago I met a certain woman. She was beautiful, she was piquant, she was the embodiment of grace. But I cared no more for her than for other women. A year later I saw her again. She was no more charming than before. Why was I drawn to her so powerfully that I could have murdered my best friend to win her. When I saw her first I might have had her for the asking. Now I cry to her in vain across a mighty chasm."

"Why do you say that?" cried his friend. "Courage. Nothing is impossible for lovers. You are young, rich, handsome. These three qualifications will break down every barrier."

"Every barrier but one."

"True. Then she does not love you?"

"Yes," replied Dellemarque, with an intonation that made the monosyllable almost a will of despair. "More than life."

"Then I say again, courage. Why, man, the battle is yours already. Look at me. I could not bring my wife to confess that she loved me until after our marriage."

"But you were in love with her?"

"Yes, but not in your fashion. I did not marry to complete a romance, but to provide a home. I did not ask for passion but for fidelity. All that I ask of my wife is that she respect me, that she honor my name, that she remain true to me. She loves me—as her husband. I love her—as my wife."

Dellemarque regarded his friend curiously, but did not speak.

"However, it is you we are talking of," continued Pinard. "You have sent for me. Command my services. If there is any way in which I can aid you consider my promise given. What stands in the way of your happiness?"

"But one thing," replied Dellemarque.

"And that is—?"

"She is another man's wife."

Pinard sat bolt upright and stared at his friend for a full minute. Then he slowly sank back in his chair, still gazing fixedly at Dellemarque.

"I am astonished," he said at length. "You, Dellemarque, of all men."

Then, after a moment's pause, "What do you mean to do?"

"This morning," replied Dellemarque, "I asked her to leave her husband and fly with me."

"And she refused?"

"She neither refused nor consented. She asked for time to decide. If I do not hear from her within an hour she has refused. If I receive a message from her it will be an appointment."

"How can I appeal to you?" cried Pinard, "to quench this fatal, this wicked, infatuation! Think of her husband. Have you no pity for him, wretched man that he is? If he is your bitterest enemy even the blow is too cruel."

"He is one of my dearest friends," broke in Dellemarque bitterly.

"Then with a thousand-fold greater force I appeal to your pity. Think of him, his name dishonored, his hearth desecrated, his faith overthrown. Is it you, the Dellemarque of old, who propose this treachery to a friend?"

"Stop, stop!" cried Dellemarque, who had arisen from his chair and was nervously pacing the floor.

"I will not stop. If your friend is nothing to you, think of her for whom you profess this tender attachment. Can you really love a woman whom you are willing to bring to dishonor? Think of the years that are to come. She can never bear the sacred name of wife. She can never inspire in you that implicit trust which is the secret of a lasting union. She has deceived one man. She may deceive another. Think how slender a suspicion has thrust its roots into a crevice of the hearthstone and torn the home asunder. A household at whose fireside sits a tainted woman is not a home; it is a hell."

"Enough, enough!" cried Dellemarque, pausing before Pinard. "I have thought of all this before, until I am wild with horror at my own evil thoughts. You have confirmed my wavering purpose. I will be true to my friend. I swear to you, whatever her answer may be, I will leave Paris to-night, alone and forever."

There was a ring at the door-bell. A message for Dellemarque. It was a note, delicately perfumed. Dellemarque tore open the envelope and read the note aloud. It ran as follows:

"You have won. I will follow you to the ends of the earth. My husband is away from home, and will not return until late. Come to me before my resolution gives way. Yours, passionately——"

He did not read the signature.

"Farewell," said he, holding out his hand. "Alone and forever."

The two friends clasped each other's hands warmly. Pinard could not speak.

Dellemarque twisted the letter into a long roll.

"Such things had best be burned," said he, thrusting the end of the roll into the fire.

The paper burned slowly. Dellemarque took a small phial from his pocket and swallowed the contents.

"It is a remedy for the heartache," he said, smiling.

The paper still burned.

Dellemarque lay back in his chair, and, resting one arm over the table, watched the flame creep nearer his fingers.

"So burns a worthless life away," said he, dreamily. "Alone and forever. Alone and—" he mumbled his words, then was silent. His head dropped upon his breast.

The flame crept on with a low, crackling sound as the paper uncurled.

Pinard watched it with a sort of dreadful fascination, as though it were a candle burning in a cask of powder.

The flame almost touched the fingers.

"Dellemarque!" cried Pinard, in alarm, "Dellemarque, it will burn you."

There was no answer.

Pinard snatched the burning paper and extinguished it between his palms. Dellemarque did not move.

Pinard rose and shook him by the shoulder. Dellemarque's head fell back against the chair, the eyes fixed and staring.

He was dead.

Pinard felt a cold and sickening shudder creep over him. The bit of burnt paper fell from his hand and fluttered to the floor. Mechanically he stooped and picked it up.

There was writing on it.

It was the signature of the letter. Unconsciously he spelled it out, and then, throwing his hands above his head with a loud cry, he fell headlong to the floor; for on the crumpled piece of paper in the well known handwriting he had read the words, "Adele Pinard."

Such was the tragedy.

### Cheap Sealskin Sacks.

Sealskin was already going out of fashion, and this will likely be hurried if a dispatch from St. Johns, N.F., is reliable. It says: Sealskin sacques will probably be cheap next season—much cheaper than ever before, if the catch on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts is any indication of the abundance of the animal from whom the fur is obtained. The sealing season has been most successful, and catchers are in great glee over the fortunes they are making in the industries. Everybody has gone to catching seals—women, old men, priests, boys, and even girls. The steamer Eagle has captured 10,000 seals, and the Esquimaux have captured 15,000. The inhabitants of Horse Islands have simply gone wild over the success of the expeditions sent sealing. They have captured 18,000 seals thus far this season. Partridge Point has always been the objective point of many of the sealing parties, but never in its history have so many seals been taken as this year. Thus far 43,000 seals have been knocked in the head.

The east wind has been blowing incessantly for over six weeks and ice fills the bays on the coast. Sealing steamers—loaded until there wasn't room aboard for another animal—hovered about the edges of the ice off the coast for days, waiting an opportunity to land their cargoes and go off again for another.

The effect of the ice being pressed in upon the land was that the seals were brought within reach of the people on shore, and Notre Dame and White bays were filled with them. The estimated catch in these two bays alone was 100,000 seals.

They were all taken by the people on shore, and to these poor people, who live on fish from one year's end to another, the east wind brought a treasure trove of the richest kind. The working classes got the whole benefit of what is taken by their unaided exertions. When they go on sealing steamers only a third of the catch is divided among them. Men, women and children swarm among the hummocks of pack ice along the shores killing seals. The Widow Walsh, a famous character at Notre Dame Bay, is reported to have killed and brought ashore thirty-eight seals in one day. The parish priest, who tried his luck, captured, killed and brought ashore forty seals in the same time, and it is no uncommon thing to hear of children who killed and dragged ashore from five to fifteen of the animals between sunrise and sunset. While the pelts have gone down in price considerably, seal oil has fallen tremendously in price, and it is now a glut on the market.

### A Business Mistake.

Dr. Smith, who is in love with rich Mr. Jones' daughter, has just sent in his bill for professional services, and in order to propitiate the old gentleman has made it ridiculously low.

Mr. Jones refuses him his daughter's hand, saying, "Why, Doctor, you can no? maintain a wife, you do not even know how to make out bills yet.

### It Is Hers for the Asking.

Jogg—There is a good deal said about woman's sphere. What is it in your opinion?

Hogg—Well, I cannot say what woman's sphere really is, but I have an idea what sphere she wants.

Jogg—Aha! What is it?

Hogg—The earth—*Lowell Citizen.*

### Two Birds with One Stone.

Mr. G.—Professor, will you dine with us today!

Prof. E.—Thanks, very much, I shall be glad to accept your invitation for to-morrow, for today I have already accepted Madame's invitation.

I've kissed her in sonnet and ballad,
I've wooed her in madrigals terse;
Yet ev'ry fond pledge is invalid
Because her old father's averse.

### The Soul of Candor.

A Sunday school teacher began his questioning at the end of the one year with the query: "Are you better than you were last year?" A good many of the little fellows had replied "Yes, sir," but a croupy boy on the back seat had the courage of his convictions. "I hain't no better nor I ever wuz," he said, "but," he added by way of softening the harsh statement, "I got 'e sorest front of anybody in this class—I—I most got dipferia."

### An Effective Combination.

Grace "Isn't that your *fiance*, Kate?"
Kate—"Yes. Why?"
Grace—"Isn't he awfully dark, dear?"
Kate—"Quite; but old gold, with the accent on the gold, being the contrasting color the combination is an agreeable one, and quite harmonious—see!"—*Judge.*


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## To Contributors.

*Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.*

## Features from Abroad.

The publication business of SATURDAY NIGHT has grown so rapidly and the possibilities of its further extension in the way of illustrated papers and magazines are so bright that the enlargement of its province is contemplated. In view of this Mr. E. E. Sheppard, the president of the company and editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, will sail for Europe on the 5th of May and will visit the principal publishing houses in England, France and Germany in quest of such new attractions as will make this paper and the other publications of the company equal to the best productions of the old countries. The features to be selected are not only pictorial but literary. It has been found difficult to reprint such stories as will please the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, as a paper of such a large circulation as has already been attained by this journal must have original matter. It is the intention to purchase copyrights of suitable serials, which will appear in no other paper in Canada. While a portion of this material must be selected abroad, we will endeavor to always keep one good Canadian story in our columns.

Vigorous endeavors are being made to obtain a first-class Canadian story, and one of the purposes of Mr. Sheppard's visit to England is to make permanent arrangements with leading writers of fiction, whose work will be a credit to this paper and a pleasure to its readers.

The editorial management of SATURDAY NIGHT during Mr. Sheppard's absence, which will not be longer than two months, will be in thoroughly competent hands, as this paper has now a trained staff of writers, who will maintain its excellence. This explanation would be unnecessary if it were not for the fact that in probably well-intentioned personal paragraphs in other papers it has been stated that Mr. Sheppard intended to abandon journalism, and occupy himself entirely in writing fiction. This is incorrect, as he has never had any thought of leaving SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S new press is now in operation, and new machinery is being imported, so that no facilities will be lacking for printing large editions and delivering them promptly to our thousands of readers and customers.

## Summer Travel.

Though the spring season is still backward many of our readers are doubtless beginning to consider the important question of where they shall spend the summer vacation. Arrangements usually have to be made some time in advance, and in many families the question of seaside or mountain, a trip to Europe or a sojourn in some of the fashionable resorts of this continent is the subject of anxious deliberation. The facilities for ocean travel have been so much improved of late that every year the exodus to Europe increases and a larger proportion of those whose means and position will permit them to take a long vacation cross the Atlantic in preference to seeking recreation in the pleasure resorts of this continent. There is so much more to be seen and learned by those who really desire to improve themselves by travel in the Old World, that it is not surprising that the European trip should be growing in favor. Nevertheless, it is not altogether creditable to Canadians that many who frequently cross the Atlantic to revisit London or Paris know comparatively little of our country. We cannot boast the art treasures, the architectural splendors or the historic memories attaching to the classic ground of European travel. But the grandeur and picturesqueness of our natural scenery is unsurpassed, and if our land has few historic associations its promise and presage of future greatness and the fact that here "the chaos of a mighty world is rounding into form," should invest it with equal interest. Canadians ought to familiarize themselves with their own land before going abroad for pleasure. It should be a matter of national feeling with us. Nothing would tend more to the strengthening and upbuilding of patriotic sentiment and the eradication of sectional prejudice than more inter-provincial travel. It is well to see the sights of London, the beauties of the English lake country and the cathedrals of continental Europe, but first of all, Canadians should gain some idea by travel and sojourn of the extent and variety of resources of our own national heritage.

## Unintentional Slights.

A very large proportion of social unhappiness and ill-feeling is due to purely unintentional slights and the readiness on the part of many to take offence where none is intended. You meet a friend at a party or on the street. He appears unusually distant and reserved, hardly returns a civil answer to your questions it may be—and straightway you either begin to wonder how you have offended him—or to grow indignant over his evident coolness—or perhaps you receive as you fancy the cut direct from some one you have known long and intimately. He or she passes you by without so much as a nod or a word. You assume, as a matter of course, that the discourtesy was studied and intentional, and as a consequence it is a case of "strained relations" between you, as the diplomatists say.

In the great majority of such instances the slight is purely accidental—men and women are not always themselves. They are often absent-minded, preoccupied with pressing personal or business affairs or perhaps unable to recollect instantly a face or a name. It is ten to one that the friend who cut you, as you supposed, or was so short and unsympathetic in his answers, did not see you, or was just then so engrossed in the consideration of financial or domestic worries that he could not at a moment's notice divest his mind of them and enter heartily into conversation. People do not make sufficient allowances for conduct which, though it may appear unsocial or lacking in friendliness, is often capable of satisfactory explanation. Is it anyway remarkable that a hostess having to supervise the arrangements for an entertainment, to be here, there and everywhere and look after every detail should seem to slight some of the company, or to be, perhaps, less cordial and friendly than usual? Or that a lady who has been introduced in rapid succession to dozens of people whom she never met before should not be able to remember their names or features at a subsequent casual meeting? Yet how often do we hear people of known kindliness of disposition condemned and criticized by those who for no better reason imagine that they have been intentionally slighted and singled out for deliberate and pointed contumely. A little consideration will suffice to show sensible and rightminded people the folly of taking offence too readily at supposed slurs and insults, which on investigation would be found to be entirely without premeditation and due either to forgetfulness, embarrassment or accident.

## Snobbery.

There is perhaps no word in the language more persistently misapplied than the expressive term "snob." As correctly used it is full of significance and conveys a meaning which is not fully implied in any other expression. But in loose popular usage it is applied indifferently to the dude and the egotist; to the purse-proud parvenu and the aristocrat; to the man of naturally reserved and distant temperament and the cringing and voluble toady. Probably no better definition was ever given than that of Thackeray, who described a snob as "one who meanly admires mean things." This worship of show and sham which ignores manhood and womanhood and prostrates itself before rank and wealth irrespective of moral and intellectual qualities is and always has been one of the most prominent social vices. But too often in the wholesale denunciation of "snobbery," which is affected by popular writers and speakers, many persons and institutions are included which are not fairly to be ranked under this head. Due attention to dress and manners are not snobbery, neither is a reasonable caution in the choice of friends and acquaintances, or a proper regard for personal dignity. Yet how often is the epithet of "snob" hurled at the man who is merely guided by a just sense of self-respect and does not wish to become hail-fellow-well-met with every boor and cad who may have passing acquaintance with him. Ultra loyalty such as many Canadians profess, if sincere is not snobbery. It may be liable to criticism on purely political grounds into which we have no intention to enter—it may be unwise—but it is not snobbish, no genuine disinterested emotion can be. Take an extreme case—that of the devotion of the Cavaliers to the Stuart family—in illustration. The Stuarts were everything that is contemptible, but their followers, risking life, limb, fortune and reputation for a lost cause, had as that cause was, were anything but snobs, though they might be fanatics. On the other hand the man who merely assumes a veneration he does not feel for a person or a cause, because it is popular or fashionable and to do so is "good form," is the veriest snob imaginable.

In few instances is the word "snob" more often misapplied than when used with reference to those who have made money and changed their manner of life in accordance with their ampler means. In cases where a *nouveau riche* is purse-proud, ostentatious and given to talking boastfully of his money the epithet exactly fills the bill. Such a one is a snob and the most disagreeable type of the class. But it is nonsense to call a man of suddenly acquired wealth a snob simply because he builds a fine house, gives parties and keeps a carriage! Why should he not?

Genuine snobbery is so detestable in all its forms that it is a pity to weaken the force of the word by its indiscriminate application to any line of conduct or opinion that may appear obnoxious to the speaker.

### A Contrast.

I recollect how grieved I was
When cousin Amy married,
I thought her very cruel 'twas
For me she had not tarried.
She gave to my affection green
Encouragement in plenty;
Then I was under seventeen,
And she was three and twenty.

Fair Amy is a widow now,
Her sorrow fast outgrowing;
'Tis very singular, I own,
How fast the years are going—
With me at an allegro rate;
With her a graceful *lente*;
Now I am nearing twenty-eight,
While she is five and twenty.

I wish the secret I might know
How others like my cousin,
A twelvemonth older only grow,
One year in half a dozen.
Oh, Chronos! tell the secret me,
The power superhuman,
That causes time with man to flee,
But bids it wait with woman.

The valued New York *Life* asserts that Chicago used to rhyme "Goethe" with "teeth" until the Renaissance set in, since which epoch it has rhymed it with "dirty." This is hardly fair. In a poem read recently before the Hyde Park Toboggan Slide Lyceum the following couplet occurred:

"Until, at last, John Wolfgang Goethe
Was gathered home, upward of eighty."

## What Henry Ward Beecher Believed

DEAR DON.—I am deeply interested in your sketches of preachers. I would like to know just what Henry Ward Beecher believed? Could you not republish one of his sermons embodying his chief tenets.

CHRISTIAN READER.

[Following is one of his most famous expressions of his views. It is so well worth reading that I need make no apology for republishing it, even if many of my readers have seen it before. DON.]

"In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works; in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you. Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again; not purloining, but showing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority. Let no man despise thee."—Titus ii., 7-15.

For thirty-four years I have endeavored to fulfil this injunction, how imperfectly none know as well as I. It has been done honestly sincerely, earnestly, but with manifold imperfections; and my performances always are rebuked by my ideal of what is becoming. There has recently been a proclamation that I have made a "new departure;" that I have abandoned the ground on which my fathers stood, and have forsaken evangelical truth and taken up liberal and infidel positions. This has been spread abroad by the press very widely. To those who sit under my ministrations I need say nothing as against the more bitter and stupid stories of men who are fit for anything better than to sit in judgment on doctrinal truth; but to even those best acquainted with my preaching, and yet more to those who only read my sermons, and to the great Christian brotherhood to which I am proud to belong, it may be wise, and a duty, to state with definiteness and such amplitude as time will allow, on what ground I do stand and what are the salient points of my religious belief.

I shall briefly touch the following topics: The inspiration of the Bible, the sinfulness of man, conversion, the Trinity, the doctrines of faith, the Saviour and the Holy Spirit, the atonement, retribution. Of the question of the church and ordinances I shall not have time to speak; but these are topics of secondary importance. Of course this must be done briefly, so wide is the subject. Yet I shall endeavor to do it explicitly.

I believe that God in every age, and in all nations, has moved upon the hearts of men by his Holy Spirit, inspiring them to whatever is true, pure and noble. I believe that the Scriptures of the Old Testament and of the New contain the fruit of that inspiration as it was developed in the Hebrew nation; and I fully and heartily accept the Bible according to the Apostolic and only declaration of the nature of Divine inspiration: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." I believe that as the true understanding of God's work in the outward and material world can be gained only by careful study of the facts of nature, so the true view of the inspiration of Scripture is to be gained not by theories or traditions, but by a rigorous study of the facts.

I believe that the Bible is largely a record of history, and in this respect must be studied as we study any history; that it contains a large measure of poetry, and that that is to be accepted not as science, but as we accept and use poetry; that it is largely a literature, and is to be construed as we construe literature, not as an exact science; that it is a record of institutions, laws, worships, which have answered their ends and passed away, and that therefore different parts of the Scripture have different degrees of value. The Ten Commandments are of more value to us than the account of the furnishings of the sanctuary; the teachings of Jesus Christ are of larger scope and of more value than the teachings of Moses; the narratives of the Gospels are more valuable than the histories of Ruth and Esther, beautiful as these are. In other words, different parts of the Scripture have different values, and men are competent and permitted to judge of their value and use them as they fit the exigencies of their lives.

I believe the moral and spiritual teachings of the sacred Scriptures were subject to the same law of unfolding as was its outward form, and that the ideas of purity, truth, justice, duty, of manhood, of the Divine nature, of destiny, reward, retribution and immortality were progressive, and are seen to be in the Bible as a "rising light, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day;" and that the later and developed moral truths are not to be interpreted by the earlier, but the earlier by the fuller form of the later. I hold, with all the church, that the Scripture is not a guide to scientific knowledge; that it records the best conceptions from period to period of scientific truths which were then held; that it does no violence to the spirit of truth to accept the fuller disclosures of physical truths which God is making in our day over those recorded in an earlier age. I do not believe that inspiration has ceased.

I believe that God's Holy Spirit still moves upon the hearts of men, and truth is still sprouting, growing, blossoming and bearing precious fruit in the minds and lives of his people; and while the light vouchsafed to the individual is only for the comfort and guidance of the individual, and without authority on the consciences of others, yet when such truth has gone through the experience of multitudes, and has proved itself not special and personal, but wide and universal, it becomes of value and of binding authority though it has no command in Scripture. That the truths of Scripture are to be discerned, understood and taught according to the moral sense of God's people in every age enlightened by the Holy Spirit. And I adopt the language of the Westminster Confession, with many parts of which I do not find myself in agreement:

"The Supreme Judge, by which all controversies of religion are to be determined, and all decrees of councils, ancient writers, doctrines of men, and private spirits are to be examined, and in whose sentence we are to rest, can be no other than the Holy Spirit speaking in the Scripture."

Speaking, that is, to living men who interpret Scripture by the truth grown up around them in their own experiences. With increasing years and wider experience I more and more value this book, as containing the highest moral truths to which the human mind has been admitted; and from its beginning to its end it enables the sincere and intelligent man to know what is evil and shun it, and to know what is good and to follow it; and, with yet greater emphasis than when the Apostles wrote it, it is a book by which a man of God may be "thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work."

I believe that every man is born without holiness, without intelligence, without moral sense, without emotions or passions, but with a capacity for all of them, which is to be developed by after growth. That by God's decree of creation man came gradually to the knowledge of His laws in nature and in human society; and that of necessity men are violating Divine laws through ignorance and inexperience, and that such violations of law are infinities. That as man came to years of discretion and knowingly violate God's laws they sin. And I believe that the whole human race, universally, always, in all times and places, does sin, and is sinful, in various degrees and in various intensity of guilt, and that this ignorance, perverse disobedience and sin are such as to require divine interposition for correction and for forgiveness. And that is my faith as to human sinfulness.

I believe that God exerts an influence upon the human soul by which it is softened, enlightened, and made willing to all good and averse to all evil; and that men are called in sacred Scripture, and equally by their reason and moral sense, to seek this renovation and inspiration, by which their whole nature comes under Divine influence and is changed gradually from sin to perfect holiness. And that is my belief in the doctrine of conversion.

I believe that God is unsearchable; that his being lies outside of human comprehension in this state of existence; that, nevertheless, we may obtain a partial and fragmentary view of it with the certainty that in every direction the Divine nature is nobler, purer, more admirable and lovable than reason, imagination or experience can conceive. I believe that God revealed Himself gradually as well as partially, and that He is still revealing Himself through the experience of mankind and through the revelation of His material kingdom. While in the Old Testament, as against a plurality of gods, Jehovah was revealed as one God, in the New Testament the intimations are that God exists as Father, Son and Holy Ghost. This is a condition of being transcending our experience, but not without foreloocking analogies. Without attempting to analyze and define the nature of the Divine existence, I accept as the best idea I can get of the interior economy of God's nature the unity of God in a tri-personality. But I do not regard the acceptance of this view as necessary to growth toward spiritual manhood or to acceptance with God. The church did without it for four thousand years; men may live without it and yet be good men; while, for myself, I accept it as the easiest interpretation of the varied representations of the New Testament, and I therefore believe and preach the Trinity.

I believe heartily in the Divinity of Jesus Christ. I reject as unscriptural the doctrine of a human soul and a divine soul, as set forth in the Athanasian creed, and believe that the essential nature of Christ was divine, simple, uncompounded, and that so much of divinity as could be manifested and expressed under the limitations of material laws and in a human body were made known in Him; but that the earthly existence of Christ did not give forth, nor could give, the whole of His divine nature. He was more than He appeared. I do not demand of any a technical adhesion to a fact whose philosophy must always be obscure, but I do insist upon the duty, the privilege, and the safety of rendering to Christ all the homage of love, fidelity and obedience of which the soul is capable; and the assuming for our own lives His spirit, disposition, doctrines and precepts, and obedience to His commands. I regard them as the very essence of Christian religion.

I believe in the Holy Ghost. I regard the Divine mind as an active influence pervading the universe, and especially as the source of all superior human activity. In a figure He may be said to be, like the sun, the source of all growth. The divine spirit is universal, immanent, revelatory, stimulating and life-giving. I regard the whole of physical nature but as an effect, as an instrument of expression of the divine mind, and as a storehouse of educating influences; and I believe that the study of nature is as necessary to the understanding of God's word as the study of His word is to the interpretation and moral understanding of nature. They are not enemies—the Bible and science's revelations of nature. They are not even antagonists. They should not be made so by narrow and timid theologians, or equally narrow and bigoted scientists.

I believe the atonement is not a plan, an act, or series of actions, exterior to God, devised to amend a broken law, but that it is the inherent and eternal nature of divine love. The life, the teachings, the suffering, the death and resurrection of Christ were but the means of disclosing the abiding nature of God. They were an illustrious exposition of an eternal fact—an exposition of atonement, and not the atonement itself.

And now, from the subtleties, the puerilities, the tangle of mediæval and modern theology, I go back heartily and embrace the sublime simplicity of the Apostles' Creed:

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

"And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost: the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

If I am a heretic, I am a heretic after the pattern of the early church.

As to retribution, I believe that conduct in this world has a distinct and powerful influence upon the condition and happiness of man in the world to come; and that the Old Testament did not teach the doctrine of retribution hereafter as a motive part of truth. It is also a fact that the New Testament does teach it explicitly. I believe that Christ did so teach when He declared with solemnity and earnestness that the penalty of wickedness in the world to come was such as to warn every transgressor, and should be a motive to every good man to turn back his fellows from evil. Beyond that, as to the method, the duration, the final outcome of penalty, I do not think the Scripture gives any decision. I believe that what Scripture teaches is that evil done here does not cease with death, but goes over, with pains and penalties, beyond.

I have now gone over very briefly the chief points which are usually included in evangelical creeds. Allow me to say now, as a matter of personality, a few things, which I hope, in view of the wide publicity given to my preaching, both by those who are in sympathy with me and those who are not, will not seem immodest or out of place. First, the root of my ministry has not been ecclesiastical, nor doctrinal, nor theological. All my whole public life as a religious teacher has sprung from a profound, inextinguishable and growing sympathy with the description given in Hebrews, chap. v., verse 2:

"Who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way; for that he he himself also is compassed with infirmity."

While I have not sought to avoid speculation, while at times I have been profoundly impressed with the various theories, doctrines, systems and ascertainments of days gone by, yet I have not made these things my study; but my life has been given to man, his nature, his needs, the methods of arousing him, inciting him and building him up into godliness, thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

My study and my sympathy have been toward my fellow man; and whatever I thought would do good I have preached, and whatever I felt to have no usefulness in it I have neglected, whatever the church may have done. I have never claimed to be all-sided, never claimed that all men should do just as I do. I have scorned the idea of the sectarian, and the founding of sect. I have defended, advocated and gloried in the liberty of other men; I have never defended my own. I have simply taken it, and used it. But I have never demanded that my liberty should be the law of any other man's conscience. I have sought to persuade but never to compel. I have never dreamed of representing the old theology, or the modern theology, or anybody's theology but my own; and have only touched other theologies when they stood in the way of what I wanted to expound. I do not think it fair, therefore, that my views should be taken as representative. I have never preached them as representative of any church or creed, or as anything but my views and representations, under God, for the purpose of making you better.

In regard to the fundamental facts of human character, condition and destiny, in regard still more to the spirit, enterprise and work of evangelical denominations, I think I am in sympathy and sufficiently comprehensive of sect, to allow fellowship with evangelical Christian denominations. But this is not for me to say. It is for them, not for me. I should be glad to stand with them; I am glad to be able to stand without them. I do not mean this in any derision. I love them with the tenderest and most fraternal affection, and rejoice in the prosperity of churches whose economy I could not administer, whose doctrines I could not advocate; and I should be glad if they saw that in me and my teaching which should enable them to be in full fellowship with me. If, on the other hand, they have good reason to believe me dangerous, neither they nor all the world can put me out of Christ's fellowship.

If it shall by common consent be thought that my teachings or philosophy are at dangerous disagreement with those of the Christian public to which I have belonged, and that some form of exclusion would be best—even so, I should not oppose. I shall not defend my doctrines in controversy, but I shall preach them. I shall not go back, to make peace and take back anything I have seriously and earnestly taught. I shall not seek any the less anxiously for clearer light, for more powerful moral influences to be brought to bear upon the souls of men. I will not engage in controversy. I will not defend my right to say what God puts in my heart to speak. I will not try to break down every misrepresentation that a fertile imagination may start. I have no time left for any such work as that. I will be honest, sincere, open and very busy, avoiding anger and bitterness as the very worst heresy known to the church, seeking the best things by the best ways that I know how until God calls me to Himself.

And this I say, not as if I were going into banishment, or to trial, or even to material inconvenience, but simply as a declaration to you of my purpose. I am your pastor and your friend, and you have the right to know my opinions and thoughts. I have not many more years on earth, and I cannot afford to spend them foolishly, and in wrangling. I need not. I love all Christians. I behold God's work going forward with longer pace and firmer step every decade. I belong to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, whether they admit my love or refuse it. But I turn from this alternative. The number of men clothed with courage to make known the ever-widening substance of truth is every year increasing. The world is awaking. Glorious times are now at hand. The new heaven casts forward a twilight glow over all the earth. The world is to be redeemed, and I, far from here, shall hear the shout of victory, "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Even so, Lord Jesus; come quickly.

The houses are built so close together in Atlantic City, that women can borrow kettles and flat-irons through the windows without going outdoors.

## Here and There.

The natal day of England's patron saint, St. George, is drawing near and doubtless the same will be duly honored by the Englishmen of this city in the goodly fashion of bygone years.

* * *

The slaying of the dragon is a pleasant myth to be sure, but there is a good leading idea running through the brave old story which finds its application in the relief of distress in whatsoever garb it may appear.

* * *

There are some who may be found objecting to national societies, as tending to retard the generous growth of a true Canadian national feeling. But surely such an evil is more imaginary than real. Men of all nationalities are working shoulder to shoulder in the good work of advancing the best interests of this fair land, and he is not any the less a loyal citizen of the new land who cherishes the tender memories that cluster around the dear old motherland across the sea. None will impeach the loyalty of a man to his wife because that man can never forget the sainted mother who gave him his being.

* * *

And whilst such organizations as those of St. George, St. Andrew, the I. P. B., the St. David and the German benevolent societies are necessarily national in their workings, still as a matter of fact their benevolence is cosmopolitan in the best sense of the term, for that benevolence is based on the broad ground of our common humanity. Many worthy citizens to-day gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to the advice and material assistance received in the struggling days of poverty and misfortune from the kindly benevolence of our national societies.

* * *

"Happy Bob," who was a Salvation soldier here, paid the last penalty of the law the other day. He died at peace with the wide, wide world. This is a feat accomplished by nine murderers out of every possible ten, and pity it is they don't come to this peaceful conclusion a few weeks earlier. An unoffending public would then be spared the harrowing details of those last speeches which the dying convict always makes, and which the intelligent public as invariably refuses to believe.

* * *

The precipitate departure of "Happy Bob" had one sensible spectator—the sheriff, who dispensed with the reading of those legal sentences which are of no earthly use whatever, and only serve to prolong that awful mental agony which the condemned man so bravely, so touchingly, and yet so ineffectually labors to conceal.

* * *

The great mystery of the Spring never loses its fascination. There is a strong dash of sadness in the fall season, when nature fades, decays and dies, but the beautiful strange work of springtime is each year a surprise and joy to the beholder.

* * *

Only a few days ago the long withered boughs swished against the window panes, sharp, dry and sapless. But a few days and the buds will be swelling in a million tiny glistening drops close along the thread-like stems, with the promised shade of summer unfolded in their tightened palms.

* * *

Yes, spring is here and summer is drawing nigh, and the voice of the Park Preacher will soon be heard in the land. The Park Preacher is the outward sign of an inward belief in the liberty of free speech. To do him justice the P. P. goes the full length of the tether. The force of his logic is often impeached, but none may deny the strength of his lungs. Alas! he is but human, and too often weakly human to boot. The narrow pathway cannot always contain that exuberance of thought and convivialism which so often side tracks the modern apostle of free speech.

* * *

The proposed erection of a statue to the Virgin Mary in a public park in Montreal has raised a storm of opposition amongst the Protestant minority of that city, and the probabilities are that the influential deputation struck off to wait upon the City Council, added to the pacific utterances of Bishop Fabre, will have the effect of staying for a time, at least, the materializing of the fanatical scheme.

* * *

Should it turn out, as the news now indicates, that Bismarck's drastic dealings with the Emperor in the marriage business have thrown the royal invalid back, the Chancellor will be apt to lose the blind devotion of at least the Liberal minority in the Reichstag and the country. It may be that the Minister deliberately calculated the effect of his resolute opposition, and the conduct of Prince William in remaining aloof from his mother and sister during the week, particularly at the birthday festival, indicates that there may be a swift transformation, politically, when the present Emperor dies.

* * *

"High upon the gallows tree
Swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom."

These were the lines sung at a Separatist meeting in Yorkshire the other day in honor of the "Manchester Martyrs"—Allen, Gould and Larkin—three miscreants who were most properly hung for the murder of Police-Sergeant Brett in 1866. The meeting was also addressed by T. D. Sullivan, Asquith and Summers. It is somewhat remarkable, and yet not surprising nowadays, to find the Gladstonian representatives of Scotch and English constituencies singing the praises of justly executed murderers, and it is quite in order for the "free and enlightened" in East Fife and Huddersfield to call their representatives to account in this connection.

* * *

This is a season of doubt and a time of great suspicion and uncertainty in Presidential politics across the border. James G. Blaine avers that he is out; his warmest friends say that he will be well up in the running. If David B. Hill is silent his supporters say, "When the proper time comes Hill will be there." Cleveland wrote against a second term, and immediately went touring amongst the voters of the West. Chauncey Depew, the prince of after-dinner speakers, when asked if he is in, replies, "Blaine is a good man." So we have been given to understand is the man in the moon.

* * *

It is somewhat refreshing, on the other hand, to look at Sherman, or Harrison, or Alger. Each of the trio believes that he is in, and has no false modesty in saying so. But who, besides themselves, believes that they are in? If one could thaw his way far enough to reach the inner consciousness of Edmunds, a presidential bee might be discovered, frozen in as a belated fly in amber, hoping some day to be melted out in the latitude of Chicago. It is said that the wink that Mayor Hewitt gives when the White House is mentioned can be heard blocks away.

* * *

Sincere, insincere, evasive or apologetic, it is all the same. There is no foothold for belief in words, or the absence thereof, when a man's April relations to a June nomination for the presidency are in question.

* * *

A few short days and the good folks of Boston will have their own John L. Sullivan amongst them again. What will they do with him? They cannot hail him as a conqueror, for John L. came, saw, but did *not* conquer. It would be somewhat base to meet him at the docks and howl at him. It would also be unwise. There is a good deal of the Hon. John left yet. An address of condolence might be taken amiss and the movers thereof would doubtless object to being offered up as a sacrifice to the manes of the departed fame of Mr. Sullivan.

* * *

In last week's Here and There column mention was made of Joseph Hoffmann, the *boy* phenomenon. It appeared as Josiffy. As the latter is on the shady side of thirty, we extend our considerations to him for typographically investing him with the attributes of extended youth.

## Chat From The 'Varsity.

The first duty of the new modern language club committee, to draft a programme for next year's meetings, was performed at their meeting last week. The principal change made was in the French department. It is intended to have the works of the authors read in the club as was done a few years ago. These will afford subjects for conversation which might otherwise be somewhat scarce, the weather being excluded in French parlance.

* * *

Of all the college societies the Y. M. C. A. makes the most of the term, their last meeting being held on April 26th. Mr. C. A. Stuart conducted the meeting of April 12, subject: "The Watchman's Answer." Apart from the fact that Knox college ran the missionary committee, the 'Varsity students have taken an active interest in the association.

* * *

There is of course a tendency on the part of many of the arts students to leave the conducting of these meetings to those whose professional duties give them practice in that sort of thing, students of the affiliated theological colleges. But a glance at this year's card will show that this is evidently not what the association wants, the names of students in arts being in the majority.

* * *

At a recent meeting a very favorable report from the musical committee was presented by Mr. W. Harvey Grant, which was rather amusing considering the fact that the musical committee is largely composed of Mr. Grant himself who acts as precentor at the meetings.

* * *

Mr. C. P. Owen was appointed vice-president and Mr. L. E. Skey secretary of the Wycliffe missionary society.

* * *

The baseball season is well begun. On Thursday of last week a practice match was played between the two teams. Mr. J. S. Johnston pitched for the first team, with Mr. A. N. Garrett on second base, while Mr. Sam Shultz was pitcher for the second nine.

* * *

The match with the dry goods team, as arranged for last Saturday, was postponed until this afternoon on account of the cold weather.

* * *

The lawn is just beginning to assume its wonted spring beauty which in later summer is spoiled by an ugly carpet of dandelions. For the next few weeks it will be enlivened by the uniforms of baseballers, cricketers, etc., and with its fringe of trees on either side and backed by the stately building it forms a pleasing picture for the eyes of those who have a leisure afternoon to spend and are tired of the stiffness of the more public promenades.

* * *

Mr. Wm. Houston, M.A., read a paper at the Canadian institute on Saturday evening last in which he distinguished the scientific study of political science from the application of it in practical politics. Studied in the former sense alone is it worthy as a means of mental training of a place along with the other sciences.

* * *

It is expected that Mr. A. MacMechan will publish a book of poems shortly. Many who have read the productions from this author's pen during the past few years would be delighted to have them collected in a single volume. It would add one more to the slowly increasing list by Toronto university men. We have already Mr. T. B. P. Stewart's, Mr. W. W. Campbell's Lake Lyrics, and the little volume, mainly religious, by Mr. MacKenzie. The late Dr. Mulrany's short lyrics are also prized by lovers of classical literature.

* * *

Many of the boys sought inspiration for the coming exams. in the sweetness of Emma Abbott's voice. They sang their choruses and added their quota to the general enthusiasm that greeted her.

TOGA.

Emma Abbott's grand English opera company commenced the week with Il Trovatore at the Grand Opera House. It was a perfect jam and the house was too full for utterance. Il Trovatore is well known to all lovers of opera, probably it is the most popular, abounding as it does with such gems of song it could hardly be otherwise.

* * *

Miss Abbott is the young lady who publicly and verbally scarified a Methodist parson in reply to his sweeping strictures on the fair fame of the women of the stage. Be this as it may she speedily won the good will of the vast audience on Monday night. Several times was she recalled by her delighted audience, and deservedly so, yet at the same time it might be respectfully suggested to this star in the operatic firmament that Verdi never intended Leonora to come on the Miserere scene in the act of giving a final wriggle to her bus—ahem! dress improver. The support was only fairly good, Miss Lizzie Annandale as the Gispy Azucena gave a pleasing rendering of the ever popular Home to our Mountains. Mr. Pruette and Signor Montegrifo divided the honors in their different parts. The latter is the possessor of a handsome face and fine eyes, which latter he uses for all they are worth. The monotony of the wait between the acts was relieved by chorus work from the 'Varsity men in the gallery. Further criticism is left to the Musical Editor.

* * *

Under the Gaslight opened to a good house on Monday. The upper portion of the audience went wild with delight, and recalls were the order of the evening. This fact, however, does not necessarily mean that the play in itself was good, or that the representation of it by this company was unusually excellent. Under the Gaslight is getting old and feeble and stale. So many variations have been introduced to make it go, that it is doubtful if the author would recognize it under another name. For the benefit of those who never saw it I might say that what the dime novel is in literature this play is in the drama. Beauty gets into the power of Villainy and is rescued by a series of more or less impossible, but more or less thrilling, acts of skill and daring on the part of the heroic individual who never forgot the wine and cakes given him by Beauty when he carried to her a bouquet of flowers on New Year's day. New York is the scene of action and some of the lowest features of life in the slums of Gotham are presented, in the police court, in Byke and his companion Old Judas, and in the wharf rats who, in this case, we suspect were but a very mild representation of the real article. Scenery is usually considered only as an accessory, and always second to the part represented by the performers. In my opinion the scenery was the best part of this show as I saw it represented the other night. The play, however good originally, was spoiled by the introduction of chestnut jokes and local hits to set the gods in a roar. It is pretty hard to discover individual talent in such a conglomeration as Under the Gaslight. A critic should try to discover such talent, and do it justice whenever he can, for actors and actresses are men and women, and the criticism of the press along the road means a great deal to them. But I confess that I could not see anything in the acting of this company to lead me to think any of them were destined to rise to even mediocrity in the profession. All the leading parts were passably well done, but none well.

* * *

It is always pleasant to see the face of Scanlon the comedian and singer beaming from the lithographs in the shop windows and on the fences. He comes next week to sing Peek-a-Boo and all his old time fascinating songs at the Grand Opera House in his Irish comedy Shane-na-Lawn. On Monday night the performance will be for the benefit of the popular manager of the Grand, Mr. O. B. Sheppard, and he well deserves an overflowing house. During the past season there have been very few attractions visiting the large American cities which he has not brought to Toronto. It would be hard to find a single exception, excepting Booth and Barrett who are playing in the South and West, and have not appeared in the American cities in the region about Ontario. Mr. Sheppard by his first-class management has made the Grand Opera House popular with the very best companies on the road, and Toronto owes him very much more than it ever takes time to acknowledge for having brought this city so many first-class attractions. Buffalo and Detroit theatres, though they are much more accessible, and in the line of travel of theatrical combinations are really not as well provided as the Grand Opera House. O. B. Sheppard has a host of friends and the compliment of a bumper house would be appreciated very much more as a mark of public confidence, which he so well deserves, than from the standpoint of the proceeds of the box office.

* * *

Speaking of the attractions that Mr. Sheppard has brought to the city, I recall within the last two or three years, among other leading lights, Patti, Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett, Sara Bernhardt, Mrs. Langtry, Dion Boucicault, Emma Abbott Opera Co., Rhea, Janauschek, Rose Coghlan, Casino Opera Co., Duff Opera Co., Miss Fortescue, W. J. Scanlon, Jos. Murphy, Annie Pixley, Jim the Penman, Minnie Maddern, Minnie Palmer, Sol Smith Russell, Denman Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Kiralfy Brothers, Lotta, Modjeska, Margaret Mather, Nat Goodwin, Rosina Vokes, Richard Mansfield and Maggie Mitchell. I feel sure that after the present season's excellent bill, the friends of Mr. Sheppard will see that the house is full on Monday night.

* * *

A number of well-known theatrical and musical amateurs on the evenings of April 25 and 26 will give a performance in Victoria Hall in aid of the Victoria Home for the Aged. The praiseworthy object of the entertainment and the excellent programme offered should be amply sufficient to crowd the hall to its utmost limit. Among the favorite singers and reciters are Miss Thompson, Miss Weatherstone, Miss Fletcher, Messrs. Sutherland and Featherstonehaugh and J. F. Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Munford have the concert programme in charge. On Wednesday evening the chief feature will be the performance of a quintette known as Stewart's Automatons, which is both new and funny. The concert on the first evening will be followed by the laughable farce, Ici En Parle Francais. Miss Cook of Flint, Mich., Miss Katie Bond, Miss M. MacDonald, Miss Thompson and Messrs. H. M. Boddy, W. H. Holland and George Duncan will be in the leading roles. On April 26 Byron's comedy, Our Boys, will be presented, and in addition to the talent already mentioned there will be Miss M. Francis of Hellmuth college, London, Miss Alice Wood, Mr. Ernest Wood and Mr. K. Greenwood. The full programme can be seen in the advertising columns. Those attending will be sure of an entertaining and pleasant evening.

* * *

True Irish Hearts will run all next week at the Toronto Opera House with the usual matinees. It is a pretty Irish play and is very appropriately set in scenery. Mr. J. P. Sullivan, the comedian and vocalist, is leading man. Dan McCarthy, the reel and jig dancer, and Eddie Joyce, the pipe player, are favorites of the audiences wherever they appear. Miss Kittie Coleman, the soubrette, is a very clever little actress, and merits all the attention she receives. The other members of the cast do their work well.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Truly, we live in an age of realism! Hansom cabs, containing dummy figures, representing a corpse, were paraded through the streets of London as an advertisement of the management of the Princess' theatre, where, "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" was about to be played.

St. Petersburg is a paradise for theatrical managers. It is said that in one month thirty-four thousand two hundred and twenty persons visited the Russian opera, thirty-two thousand the Alexandrovna theatre, twenty-two thousand nine hundred and seventy-two the circus, and seventeen thousand five hundred the Michael theatre. The average attendance is about four thousand per night the year around.

Rudolph Aronson says that there are two things in regard to the theater abroad that strike an American as being very peculiar: One is the fact that the salaries of the dramatic and musical artists are very much lower than they are here, and the other, that the prices of admission to theaters are much higher. In Germany, France, Italy and England, you have to pay two or three dollars for a good orchestra seat that you can get in New York for half the money, and a proportionate rate for seats in the other parts of the house. Why the prices abroad should be higher than they are here when the performances, as a rule, are no better, is something Mr. Aronson says he cannot understand.

A chancery suit of 1612, in the public record office, London, which has hitherto escaped notice, furnishes some interesting details concerning theatrical matters in the time of Shakespeare. The suit was brought against Richard Burbidge, John Heminges and others, in respect of the lease of Blackfriars' theater, which the said Burbidge, by deed dated 2d of September, 42 Elizabeth, demised to Henry Evans, "whoe intended them presentlye to erect or sett vvp a Companye of boys · · · or others to playe playes & interludes in the said Playhowse in such sort as before tyme has bene there vsed." By reason of the plague in anno 1 James I. Evans "grew wearye" of the playhouse, and desired to give up his interest in it. He surrendered the lease in August, anno 2 following. The complainant, in his replication, states that "duringe such time as the said defendantes Heminges and Burbidge and theire Companye contynewed playes and interludes in the said great Hall in the ffryers · · · they gott, & as yet dothe, more in one Winter in the said great Hall by a thousand powndes than they were vsed to gett in the Bancksside;" also, that Evans "was censured by the Right Honorable Court of Starr Chamber for his vnorderlie carriage and behaulour in takinge vp of gentlemens children against theire wills, and to ymploy them for players."

## Trinity Talk.

Term began on 7th inst. Lectures on 10th. Several unfortunate students inaugurated the pleasures of this the pleasantest of terms by compromising for a tardy return with $1 fine each, whereby it is presumed, the university library will "grab in" more of the "necessary."

* * *

The same library must pass through many and many a sleepless night. Nourished, as it is, from term to term by chapel, gate and other fines which are shovelled into its capacious maw, what wonder if it suffer from indigestion—or rather want of digestion—as many of its supposed patrons are subjected to so many fines throughout the term, and these unfortunates are noticeably those who make least use of the library, that its contents get little chance of mental digestion. It was possibly a false report which told me that the Dean is seriously deliberating upon other institutions which may with more justice be made the objects of a charity derived from the purses of the more "giddy" undergraduates—such as, for instance, the commutation fund attached to the baseball club, or the fund for the increase of salaries of the Trinity college baseball club. Yes, by the way, speaking of the B. B. club, I see that work has begun in earnest—rumor says that the Maroons have signed De La Fosse, Rev. Father Beamish and one or two more *diamonds* of the first water. The Browns will present as strong a front as ever, I believe, though it is more than likely that they may have to take it out in presenting, seeing that each member of the Maroons is a prodigy, a phenomenon, and eighth wonder of the world. I am told that with A. C. M. Jones and H. H. Jones as battery the Maroons are impregnable. The college ball team will not start on its inter-collegiate tour in England and Ireland much before July 1st, if indeed the boys can get away then.

* * *

Speaking of the museum, I should like to call the attention of the curators thereof to its present "neglige" appearance. A wild cat certainly looks more ferocious when standing on its head, and doubtless a chipmunk in its native state usually perambulates on the back of a muskrat, but why a dust-besprinkled red-crested woodpecker should recline its tufted cranium in a corner of its show-case with feet in attitude of supplicatory devotion raised the ethereal expanse of the artificial blue sky above it, while the support upon which it ought to stand almost completely conceals our friend with the ruddy stomach, is more than I can account for. Such an exhibition, at least, I never saw during the whole of my curatorship in the British Museum, and hope I never shall again. Surely it is somebody's business to relieve these unfortunate specimens from their impending fate—water on the brain.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the university of Trinity college cricket club, the president, the Rev. the Provost took the chair. There was a large attendance and a good deal of enthusiasm was manifested. The retiring committee having presented their report, which was adopted, and tendered their resignation, the election of officers for 1888 was proceeded with. The following are the officers elected:—President, Rev. Provost Body; 1st vice-president, Rev. Prof. Jones; 2nd vice-president, Rev. Prof. Roper; secretary, H. O. Tremayne, B.A.; treasurer, D. R. C. Martin; committee, T. S. Broughall, B. A., A. C. Bedford-Jones, and C. H. Grout; scorer, T. G. Smith. Delegates to the Ontario association, T. S. Broughall, B. A., A. C. Bedford-Jones and D. R. C. Martin.

* * *

The prospects for the coming season are very promising. It has been decided to endeavor to put two elevens in the field, a thing which Trinity has never done before. Although some familiar faces will be greatly missed (notably that of A. C. Allan), it has gained several new players, including two of last year's Trinity college school (Port Hope) eleven.

* * *

The annual meeting of the lawn tennis club was held on Friday night, H. T. Leake, B. A., in the chair. Rev. Prof. Roper was elected president; Mr. Ford-Jones, secretary-treasurer, and Mr. Towner, curator. The usual business brought up on such occasions was transacted, estimates received for coming season, etc. Among other things it was deemed advisable to elect a council consisting of Messrs. D. R. C. Martin, S. F. Houston and E. C. Cayley, B. A., to make arrangements for the long vacation tour, tournaments and incidentals.

* * *

Prof. Clarke's latest work, Witnesses to Christ, seems to have been very cordially received, and will be found a great literary treat to many others besides the student of theology.

* * *

As soon as practicable after the opening of term the editors of the *Trinity University Review* sent a letter of sympathy to their contemporaries at Victoria college, Cobourg, re the late rumpus with the authorities. This month's number of the *Review* will be published this week.

* * *

I greatly miss the respected form of poor Mundy, late gardener of the college, who died during the last week of vacation and was buried on Monday last. He had been ill during last term, but had resumed work before suffering a relapse, under which he sank. His jovial countenance and respectful address will long live in the memory of Trinity.

* * *

Rev. G. H. Broughall, B.A., '85, paid us a visit last week. He preached in St. Stephen's church on Sunday night.

* * *

Rev. C. T. S. Bethune, M.A., D.C.L., head master of T. C. school, Port Hope, lately favored us with a visit.

* * *

Rev. Prof. Boys preached at St. Matthias on Sunday night, and Rev. Prof. Roper at the new mission church, in the same parish.

* * *

I am glad to see such harmony and good-will again restored after the strife and din of the recent elections.

* * *

D. R. C. Martin has resigned the curatorship, E. Vicars-Stevenson entering on his new duties in that office.

* * *

Dr. W. H. Pepler, M.D., C.M., '85, after a three years' additional course in England, has returned to his native shores. He intends practicing at 63 Queen street west, Toronto. We wish him every success in his professional career.

OMEGA.

### Heaven.

Out and away, somewhere, it will be found,
The Central Throne, the Palace of the King,
Where God Himself His own is welcoming,
And white-robed saints eternally are crowned—
Where all celestial ecstacies abound,
The bliss of bloom, beneath the cloudless skies,
Like love, unfolds to love's bewildered eyes,
And love's soft song melts in delicious sound.
When shall I reach that high and holy clime?
My friends go up in chariots of light,
While I must wait for all their bliss sublime.
Hush! Taught of God, I rise to new delight;
And, as the lake reflects the skies above,
Find heaven abides, e'en here, in the pure heart of love.

E. H. STOKES, D.D.

### What Caused the Rebellion.

"The War of the Rebellion," said General Daniel E. Sickles the other evening, "was really a whisky war. Yes, whisky caused the Rebellion! I was in the Congress preceding the war. It was whisky in the morning—the morning cocktail—a Congress of whisky drinkers. Then whisky all day; whisky and gambling all night. Drinks before Congress opened its morning session, drinks before it adjourned. Scarcely a committee room without its demijohn of whisky, and the clink of the glasses could be heard in the Capitol corridors. The fights—the angry speeches—were whisky. The atmosphere was redolent with whisky—nervous excitement. Yes, the Rebellion was launched in whisky. If the French Assembly were to drink some morning one-half the whisky consumed in any one day by that Congress, France would declare war against Germany in twenty minutes."

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# WIDOWER JONES.

**A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."**

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

*Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE WIDOWER FINDS A "COMPANION."

West of the Mississippi, where the vast prairies are blocked into squares by osage-orange hedges, John Doyland lived amidst toil-gained plenty. He had a large family and he made them all contribute to his slow-growing wealth. It was not a happy family Selfishness and suspicion were the chief characteristics of the parents, and a mean and sordid nature was the natural heritage of the children. The broad and rolling prairies, the cyclones and blizzards and the vastness of everything seem to make the Western man broad-minded and generous, but the Doyland family, disliking at first the shiftlessness and extravagance of their neighbors, had lived within themselves, and later their thrift had enabled them to become the usurers and most hated residents of Shawnee County. Harriet, the eldest of John Doyland's olive branches, was well described by the Deacon to his daughters when he said she was "stout gittin', but none teh hurt." Tall and large, her coarse black hair was dull and lustreless as an Indian's. Her black eyes, large face and thin lips expressed forceful determination, and her stately figure made her almost handsome, but fear of her had kept the young men of Shawnee County at a distance. She hated the West and made no secret of it, and when Widower Jones was the guest of the Doylands last summer before Harriet had almost made up her mind to marry him for the sake of his property and a chance to get back among Eastern people. She cooked dainties, which she hinted were for him, and spoke to him softly—her one beauty was her voice—and her black eyes told him plainly enough that he had only to ask and be accepted. She almost detested him, but she was thirty-five, knew he was prosperous and she longed for someone to deliver her from the hated West.

The Deacon knew this, and moreover he felt sure she had never had a lover. He recognized the fact that a woman who has seen two score lovelorn years must either be very strong-minded or hard to please, and as his experience had taught him not to enter the lists with youth and good-looks as his rivals, he felt that Harriet Doyland would be a safe companion. It almost made him laugh to think of anyone trying to take liberties with her! The humiliation he had received from Ruth Gilbert, coupled with the resolve to live alone no longer, had led him to the determination to marry Harriet Doyland and let her "make it her home and family." He thought with malicious pleasure of how dangerous it would be for Bessie to fly in the face of a stepmother with such black and unflinching eyes as those of Harriet Doyland. Ben,—he would find his match! Lou and Israel—he guessed they wouldn't hang around the farm long if he gave them a good-natured stepmother. It troubled him a little to think that Harriet might make him dance to pretty fast music, but then she would good-looking, a splendid cook, and just the sort of woman to take care of him. After he left Ben at the Junction, naturally he had given way to rankful hatred which but strengthened his determination to marry Harriet to spite his family who had chosen to conspire to humiliate and annoy him.

Jaded by his long trip, he looked old and travel-stained when he arrived at the end of the railroad journey, but determined to lose not an hour, he hired a man to convey him at once to the Doyland's. His heart beat fast as he nervously knocked at the door, which, after what seemed to him an hour, was opened by Harriet herself.

"Why, Deacon Jones!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, nervously, "it's me. I guessed I'd s'prise yeh."

"Well, you have," she answered, stooping down to pick up his carpet bag. "Come in and make yourself to home. Who'd a' thought a' seein' you?"

"Nobody, I s'pose," answered the Deacon. "I s'pose yeh hain't thought a' me sence I went away?"

"O, yes I have, often!" she answered meaningly. "The folks are all away, gone over to the revival meetin'."

"All well, I s'pose?" enquired the Deacon, clumsily.

"Yes, we're all well; how's your folks?"

"Tol'ble, thanks, when I left 'em."

"Haven't had supper, have yeh?"

"Well, no. I wanted teh git here fer tea, so I hurried right on from the station."

"Well, I'll get you something to eat if you'll excuse me for a while."

"If yeh don't mind, I'd like teh go out inteh th' kitchen where I kin talk teh yeh while yer workin'—if yeh don't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind; it's warmer out there, too."

Seated in a rocking-chair by the stove, he admired the order and cleanliness of the kitchen, the polished stove and shining pans.

"How are the girls gettin'on keepin' house?" inquired Harriet, who thought she could not too soon offer the Deacon an opportunity.

"None too well—I kin tell yeh that, Harriet. Things is all gosh' wrong sence I lost my partner."

"How do you mean?"

"Ben's bin home makin' trouble. He's runnin' things 'ith sich a high hand that I hain't had a minnit's peace sence I was here in th' summer."

"You don't say; well now!"

"Its tur'ble teh hev one's fam'ly act like mine ta. I'd jist got comf'rable like an' they're buildin' a big town at Applebury an' makin my place va'ble, an' yeh know I don't hev a minnit's comfort an' the prospects is I won't hev nuther, unless I git married an' start my fam'ly off teh do fer theirselves."

Harriet invited him to sit up and have some supper, in the same low, emotionless voice. She understood the meaning of the Deacon's visit and as she watched him, was making up her mind as to the best course to pursue. During his previous visit she had weighed every argument and it did not take her long to conclude that having come so far to get her she could now dictate the terms. How repulsive the old man looked with his dyed hair and his face haggard and grey! The weariness of his long journey made him look so old and feeble that Harriet, watching his trembling hands as he ravenously satisfied his hunger, concluded she would not have to endure him very long. If she could get hold of his property she decided that after all a few years of life with him would not be much worse than living among the despised people of the West.

Wiping off his mouth with a corner of the tablecloth the Deacon pushed his chair back from the table.

"I guess I've eat up most everythin' but th' dishes, Harriet. I tell yeh I was hungrier'n a wolf, an' once I got hole a' yer good cookin' I was like teh bust myself."

"I'm sorry I hadn't anything cooked or I would have tried to give yeh something real nice," responded Harriet with her sweetest smile.

"Well, if yeh don't call them vittles nice I never had none, I kin tell yeh that."

"That's because you are hungry."

"Oh, no, it wasn't; I was telin' th' gurls last summer after I got home what a tur'ble good cook yeh was."

"Oh, you're trying to flatter me," said Harriet, as she folded the tablecloth and gave her head a coquettish toss.

"No I hain't, nuther. I jist wish I hed yeh cookin' fer me all'ws."

"You'd soon get tired of it."

"No I wouldn't, nuther," protested the Deacon with a desperate attempt at a winning smile.

Somehow the words seemed to stick in his throat. He could not make love to her as he had done to Hope and Ruth, and nothing was farther from his thoughts than even trying to touch her, to say nothing of an attempt to kiss her. He was afraid of her. In his heart he felt he was making a mistake. It was now too late to turn back, so with a sensation akin to despair, he screwed up his courage, and locking his hands tightly over his knee, he began:

"There hain't no use beatin' 'bout th' bush, Harriet. I come out here teh ast if yeh'd marry me. I've got enough teh make us both comf'rable, an' 'ith you for a companion, there wouldn't be nuthin' left fer me teh wish fer."

After a pause, during which Harriet quietly busied herself with the stove between her and the Deacon, he continued:

"I hain't an old man yit, an' I'll be jist as good teh yeh as anyone kin be—I kin teli yeh that."

"Weariness saddened the Deacon's tones, and with downcast eyes he thought of his proposal to Hope and the one to Ruth, and wondered why he felt so differently now.

"This is very sudden," answered Harriet, without the least tremor in her voice. "I don't know what to say; I'd almost made up my mind to be an old maid."

"Bein' an old man's darlin' is better than bein' an old maid—I kin tell yeh that; it hain't teh lonesome, an' it feels tur'ble good teh have someone teh lean on. I hev found that out sence I lost my companion, yer poor ma, that."

The Deacon spoke as if his tongue were anxious to avoid its office, and his frequent "I kin tell yeh that's" were thrown in to round up his awkward sentences and make them a little longer.

"Yes, I suppose it is," reflectively, "but then married folks have their troubles as well as old maids."

"Yes, they do that, but you'm me wouldn't! I'd be good teh yeh an' give yeh everything yeh want an' keep a hired girl, as fur's that."

"Would your family consent to your marryin' again?" she asked, not so much for information as to lead him to declare the circumstances under which she might expect to live.

"I don't care whether they'd consent er not," answered the Deacon sharply, "an' when I git married I hain't goin' teh ast them, ner ever hev none on 'em round, I kin tell yeh that."

"Suppose that the Deacon, despite his reckless disregard of the claims of his family, had half-repented of his errand, and determined without any further parley to accept him and stipulate her terms.

"At our age, Deacon, a thing of this kind is a good deal a business matter," Harriet began, "and I'm prepared to make a good-natured stepmother. It troubled him a little to think that Harriet might make him dance to pretty fast music, but then she would get cooking a splendid cook, and just the sort of woman to take care of him. After he left Ben at the Junction, naturally he had given way to rankful hatred which but strengthened his determination to marry Harriet to spite his family who had chosen to conspire to humiliate and annoy him.

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# VAGABONDIA

## A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

*Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Mooning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.*

### CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH WE ARE UNSOUNDHODX.

"Something," announced Phil, grinding away industriously at his colors, "something is up with Grif. Can any of you explain what it is?"

Mollie resting her elbows on the window-ledge turned her head over her shoulder, Fauntleroy-ette tying Tod's sleeves with red ribbon looked up, Aimee went on with her sewing, the two little straight lines making themselves visible on her forehead between her eyebrows. The fact of something being "up" with any one of their circle was enough to create a wondering interest.

"There is no denying," Phil proceeded, that he is changed somehow or other. He is not the same fellow that he was a few months ago—before Dolly went away."

"It is Dolly he is bothering about," said Mollie concisely.

Then Aimee was roused.

"I wish they were married," she said. "I wish they were married and—safe!"

"Safe!" put in Mrs. Phil. "That is a queer thing to say. They are not in any danger, let us devoutly hope."

The two wrinkles deepened and the wise one sighed.

"I hope not," she answered, bending her small, round, anxious face over her sewing, and attacking it vigorously.

"They never struck me, you know," returned Mrs. Phil, "as being a specially dangerous couple, though now I think of it I do remember that it has once or twice occurred to me that Griffith has been rather stupid lately."

"It has occurred to me," remarked Phil, dryly, "that he has taken a most unaccountable dislike to Gowan."

Mollie turned round to her window again.

"Not to put it too strongly," continued the head of the family, "he hates him like the deuce."

And most assuredly he was not far wrong in making the assertion. The time had been coming for some time when the course of this unimposing story of true love was no longer to run smooth, and in these days Griffith was in a dangerous frame of mind. Now and then he heard of Gowan dropping in for a few of his hours at Brabazon Lodge, and now and then he heard of his good fortune in having found in Miss MacDowlas a positive champion. He was even a favorite with her, just as he was a favorite with many other people. Trivial as the past might seem to others it was absolutely an additional sting to Dolly's much-tried lover. Griffith did not visit Brabazon Lodge himself; he had given that up long ago, indeed had only once paid his respects to his relative since her arrival in London. That one visit, short and ceremonious as it was, had been enough for him. Like many estimable ladies Miss MacDowlas had prejudices of her own which were hard to remove, and appearances had been against her nephew.

"If he is living a respectable life and is engaged in a respectable profession, my dear," commented Dolly's proprietress, in one of her after conversations on the subject, "why does he look shabby and out at elbows? It is my opinion that he is a very disreputable young man."

"She thinks," wrote Dolly to the victim, "that you waste your substance in riotous living. And it was such an exquisite satire on the true state of affairs that poor Griffith forgot his woes for the moment, and laughed when he read the letter.

Dolly herself was not prone to complain of Miss MacDowlas. She was not so bad as she looked, after all. She was obstinate and rigid enough on some points, but she had her fair side and Dolly found it. In a fashion rare in her own, Miss MacDowlas was rather fond of her companion. A girl who was shrewd, industrious, and often amusing, was sure to be prized in her opinion, so she showed her fair, young hand-maiden a certain amount of respect. She had engaged companions before, who being entertaining, were not industrious, and who were trustworthy were insufferably dull. She could trust Dolly with the most onerous of her domestic or social duties she found, and Dolly was no fear of her small change disappearing or her visitors being bored. So the position of that "young person" became an assured and decently comfortable one.

But day by day Griffith was drifting nearer and nearer the old shoals of difficulty. He rasped himself with miserable imaginings, and was often unjust even toward Dolly. Hers was the brightest side of the matter he told himself.

She was sure to find friends—she always did, these people would make a sort of favorite of her, and she would be pleased because she was so popular among them. He could not bear the thought of her ephemeral happiness over trifles sometimes. He even fell so low as that at his worst moments, though to his own credit be it spoken, he was always thoroughly ashamed of himself afterward. There were times, too, when he half resented her little jokes at their poverty, and answered them bitterly when he wrote his replies to her letters. His chief consolation was found in Aimee, and in fact the sage of the family found her hands fuller than ever. Quiet little body as she was, she was far-sighted enough to see danger in the distance, and surely she did her best to alter its course.

"If you are not cooler," she would say, "you will work yourself into such a fever of unhappiness that you will be doing something you will regret."

"That is what I am afraid of," he would sometimes burst forth; "but you must admit, Aimee, that it is a pretty hard case."

"Yes," confessed the young oracle, "I will admit that, but being unreasonable won't make it any easier."

And then the fine little lines would show themselves, and she would set herself industriously to the task of administering comfort and practical advice, and certainly she never failed to cheer him a little, however temporarily.

And she did not fail Dolly either. Sage axioms and praiseworthy counsel reached Brabazon Lodge in divers small envelopes addressed to Miss Crewe, and invariably beginning "My dearest Dolly," and more than once difficulty had been averted, and Dolly's heart warmed again toward her lover, when she had been half-inclined to rebel and exhibit some slight sharpness of temper. Only a few days after the conversation with which the present chapter opens occurred, one of these modestly powerful missives was forwarded, and that evening Griffith met with an agreeable surprise. Chance had taken him into the vicinity of Miss MacDowlas' establishment, and as he walked down the deserted road in a somewhat gloomy frame of mind, he became conscious suddenly of the sound of small, light feet, running rapidly down the footpath behind him.

"Griffith!" cried a clear, softly-pitched voice, "Griffith, wait for me."

And turning, he saw in the dusk of the winter day a little figure almost flying toward him, and in a few seconds more Dolly was standing by him laughing and panting, and holding to his arm with both hands.

"I thought I should never catch you," she said. "You never walked so fast in your life, I believe, you stupid old fellow. I couldn't call out loud, though it is a quiet place, and so I had to begin to run. Goodness! what would Lady Augusta have said if she had seen me flying after you!"

And then stopping all at once, she looked up at him with a wicked little air of saucy daring.

"Don't you want to kiss me?" she said.

"You may, if you will endeavor to effect it with despatch before somebody comes."

She was obliged to resign herself to her fate then. For nearly two minutes she found herself rendered almost invisible, and neither of them spoke. Then half released, she lifted her face to look at him, and there were tears on her eyelashes, and in her voice, too, though she was trying very hard to smile.

"Poor old fellow," she half whispered. "Has it seemed long since you kissed me last?"

He caught her to his breast again in his old, miserable, impetuous fashion.

"Long!" he groaned. "It has seemed so long that there have been times when it has almost driven me mad. Dolly! Dolly! Dolly!"

She let him crush her in his arms and kiss her again, and she nestled against his shoulder for a minute, and putting her warm little gloved hand up to his face, gave it a tiny, loving squeeze. But of course that could not last long. Miss MacDowlas' companion might be kissed in the dusk two or three times, but genteelly sequestered as was the road leading to Brabazon Lodge, some stray footman or housemaid might appear on the scene, from one of the neighboring establishments at any moment, so she was obliged to draw herself away at last.

"There!" she said, "you must let me take your arm and walk on now, and you must tell me all about things. I have a few minutes to spare and I have so wanted you," heaving a weary little sigh, and holding his arm very tightly indeed.

"Dolly," he asked, abruptly, "are you sure of that?"

The other small hand clasped itself across his sleeve in an instant.

"Sure!" she answered. "Sure that I have wanted you? I have been nearly dying for you!" with some affected extravagance.

"Are you sure?" he put it to her, "quite sure that you have not forgotten me sometimes for an hour or so?"

"No," she answered, indignantly; "not for a single second." Which was a wide assertion.

"Not," he prompted her somewhat bitterly, "when the MacDowlas gives dinner-parties, and you find yourself a prominent feature, 'young person,' as you are? Not when you wear the white merino, and 'heavy swells' admire you opposite?"

"No," shaking her head in stout denial of the imputation. "Never. I think about you from morning until night, and the fact is," in a charming burst of candor, "I actually wake in the night and think about you. There! are you satisfied now?"

It would have been impossible to remain altogether unconsoled and unmoved under such circumstances, but he could not help trying her again.

"Dolly," he said, "does Gowan never make you forget me?"

Then she saw what he meant and flushed up up to her forehead, drawing her hand away and speaking hotly.

"Oh!" she said, "it is that, is it?"

"Yes," he answered her, "it is that."

Then they stopped in their walk and each looked at the other; Griffith at Dolly with a pale face and much of desperate, passionate appeal in his eyes, Dolly at Griffith with her small head thrown back in sudden defiance.

"I am making you angry and rousing you, Dolly," he said; but I cannot help it. There is scarcely a week passes in which I do not hear that he—that fellow—has managed to see you in one way or another. He can always see you," savagely. "I don't see you once a month."

"Ah!" said Dolly, with cruel deliberation, "this is what Aimee meant when she told me to be careful, and think twice before I did things. I see now."

I have never yet painted Dolly Crewe as being a young person of angelic temperament. I have owned that she flirted and had a temper in spite of her Vagabondian good spirits, good-nature and popularity, so my reader will not be surprised at her resenting her admonitress, who she considered as being her lover's lack of faith.

"I think," she proceeded, opening her eyes wide and addressing him with the greatest air, "I think I will walk the rest of my way alone, if you please."

It was very absurd and very tragical in a small way, of course, and assuredly she ought to have known better, and perhaps she did know better, but just now she was very fierce and very sharply disappointed. She positively turned away as if to leave him, but he caught hold of her arm and held her.

"Dolly," he cried huskily, "you are not going away in that fashion. We never parted so in our lives."

She half relented—not quite, but nearly, so very nearly that she did not try very hard to get away. It was Griffith after all who was trying her patience—if Gowan or any other man on earth had dared imply a doubt in her she would have routed him magnificently in two minutes, but Griffith—ah, well, Griffith was different.

"Whose fault is it?" she asked, breaking down ignominiously. "Who is to blame? I never ask you if other people make you forget me. I wanted to—to see you so much that I ran madly after you for a quarter of a mile, at the risk of being looked upon as a lunatic by any one who might have chanced to see me. But you don't care for that. I had better have bowed to you and passed on if we had met. Let me go!"

"No, said Griffith, "you shall not go. God knows if I could keep you, you should never leave my arms again."

"You would tire of me in a week, if I belonged to you in real earnest," she said, not trying to get away at all now, however.

"Tire of you!" he exclaimed, in a shaken voice. "Of you!" And all at once he drew her round so that the light of the nearest lamp could fall on her face. "Look here!" he whispered, sharply, "Dolly, I swear to you, that if there lives a man on earth, base and heartless enough to rob me of you, I will kill him as sure as I breathe the breath of life!"

She had seen him impassioned enough often before, but she had never seen him in as wild a mood as he was when he uttered these words. She was so frightened that she crept into a little cry and put her hand up to his lips.

"Griffith!" she said, "Grif!—dear old fellow. You don't know what you are saying. Oh! don't—don't!"

Her horror brought him to his senses again, but he had terrified her so that she was trembling all over, and clung to him nervously when he tried to console her.

"It isn't like you to speak in such a way," she faltered, in the midst of her tears. "Oh, how dreadfully wrong things must be getting, to make you so cruel!"

It took so long a time to reassure her and restore her to her calmness, that he repented his rashness a dozen times. But he managed to comfort her at length, though to the last she was tearful and nervous, and her voice was broken with soft, sorrowful little catchings of the breath.

"Now, let us talk about Ralph Gowan," she pleaded, when he had persuaded her to walk on with him again. "Let us talk about ourselves—we are always safe when we talk about ourselves," with an innocent, mournful smile.

And so they talked about themselves. He would have talked of anything on earth to please her then. Talking of themselves, of course, implied talking nonsense—affectionate, sympathetic nonsense, but still nonsense; and so, for awhile, they strolled on together, and were as tenderly foolish and disconnected as two people could possibly be.

But, in spite of her resolution to avoid the subject, Dolly could not help drifting back to Ralph Gowan. "Griffith," she said, plaintively, "you are very jealous of him."

"I know that," he answered.

"But don't you know," in desperate appeal, "that there isn't the slightest need for you to be jealous of anybody."

"I know," he returned, dejectedly, "that I am a very wretched fellow sometimes."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Dolly.

"I know," he went on, "that seven years is a long probation, and that the prospect of another two, or another two, for the matter of that, would drive me mad. I know I am growing envious and distrustful; I know that there are times when I hate that fellow so savagely that I am ashamed of myself. Dolly, what has he ever done that he should saunter on like one who lives in purple and fine linen all his life? The money he throws away in a year would furnish the house at Putney."

"Oh, dear!" burst forth Dolly. "You are going wrong. It is all because I am not there to take care of you, too. Those are not the sentiments of Vagabondia, Grif."

"No," dryly; "they are of the earth, earthy."

Dolly shook her head dolefully.

"Yes," she acquiesced; "and they are a bit shabby. You are going down, Grif. You never used to be shabby. None of us were ever exactly that, though we used to grumble sometimes. We used to grumble, not because other people had things, but because we hadn't them."

"I am getting hardened, I suppose," bitterly. "And it is hardly to be wondered at, in my opinion."

"Hardened!" She stopped him that moment, and stood before him, holding his arm and looking up at him. "Hardened!" she repeated. "Grif, if you say that again, I will never forgive you. What is the good of our love for each other if it won't keep our hearts soft? When we get hardened we shall love each other no longer. What have we told each other all these years? Haven't we said that so long as we had one another we could bear anything, and not envy other people? It wasn't all talk and sentiment, was it? It wasn't on my part, Grif. I meant it then, and I mean it now, though I know there are many good, kind-hearted people in the world who would not understand it, and would say I was talking unpractical rubbish, if they heard me. Hardened! Grif, while you have me and I have you, and there is nothing on our two consciences! Why, it sounds"—with another most dubious shake of her small head—"it sounds as if you wouldn't care about the house at Putney!"

He was conquered, of course. Before she had spoken a dozen words he had been conquered, but this figure of his not caring for the house at Putney broke him utterly. He did not look very hardened when he answered her.

"Dolly," he said, "you are an angel! I have told you so before, and it may be a proof of the barrenness of my resources, to tell you so again, but it is true. God forgive me, my precious! I should like to see the man whose heart could harden while such a woman loved him."

It was a pretty sight to see her put her hand on his shoulders, and stand on tiptoe to kiss him, in her honest, earnest way, without waiting for him to ask her.

"Ah!" she said, "I knew it wasn't true," and then still letting her hands rest on his shoulders, she burst forth in her tender, impulsive way again. "Grif," she said, "I don't think I am very wise, and I know I am not very thoughtful. I do things often that it would be better to leave undone—I am fond of making the Philistines admire me, and I sometimes tease you; but, dear old fellow, right deep down at the bottom of my heart," faltering slightly, "I do—do want to be a good woman, and I have never a thing here in this though I never told you so before—that I do not pray to God to let me help you and let you help me, to be faithful to each other."

It was the old story—love was king. Wisdom to the winds! Practicality to the corners of the earth! Prudence, power and grandeur hide your diminished heads! Here dwts two people who cared nothing for you, and who flung you aside without a fear as they stood together in a fashion that was enough to sing air—one a penniless little hired entertainer of elderly ladies, the other an equally impecunious bookkeeper in a dingy office.

They were quite happy—even happy when time warned them that they must bid each other good night. They walked together to the gates of Brabazon Lodge, and parted in an actual state of bliss.

"Good-night," said Dolly. "Be good—as somebody once said—'Be good and you will be happy.'"

"Good night," answered Griffith, "but mightn't he have put it the other way, Dolly, 'Be happy and you will be good—because you can't help it'?"

He had his hand on her shoulder this time, and as she laughed she put her head down so that her soft, warm cheek nestled against it.

"But he didn't put it that way," she objected, "and we must take wisdom as it comes. There! I must go now," rather in a hurry. "Someone is coming—see!"

"Confound it!" he observed, devoutly. "Who is it?"

"I don't know," answered Dolly, "but you must let me go. Good night, again."

He released her, and she ran in through the gate, and up the gravel walk, and so he was left to turn away and pass the intruder with an appearance of nonchalance. And pass him he did, though whether with successful indifference or not one can hardly say; but in passing him he looked hard, and in looking up he recognized Ralph Gowan.

"Going to see her," he said to himself, just as poor Mollie had said the same thing, and just with the same heartburn. "The dev—But, no, he broke off sharply, "I won't begin again. It is as she says—the blessed little darling!—it is shabby to be down on him because he has the best of it." And he went on his way—not rejoicing, it is true—but still trying to crush down a by no means unnatural feeling of rebellion.

*(To be Continued.)*

### The Kiss in the Tunnel.

They were sitting five seats back, but I plainly heard the smack,
As we dashed into the tunnel near the town,
And the current in my veins ran like gushing April rains,
Though I'm grave and gray, and wear a doctor's gown.

Once—alas! so long ago—on the rails I journeyed so,
With a maiden in a jaunty Jersey sacque,
And I kissed her smart with my eyes, as the blind stars, the skies,
But I longed, oh, how I longed! for one real smack!

Did she know it? I dare say! (She'd a sweet clairvoyant way
In the glancing of her eyes so bright and blue.)
Ne'er a bee such honey sips as the nectar on her lips;
But I longed, and longed in vain, as on we flew.

Just as yearning reached its hight, lo! there came a sudden night,
And like steel to magnet clove my mouth to hers,
I shall never more forget how like drops of rain they met,
In the bosom of a rose that lightly stirs!

When we came again to light, both our faces had burned white—
White as clouds that float in summer from the south.
Missed I glances, missed I smiles! but on air I rode for miles,
With the memory of Dove's dew upon my mouth.

So the kiss that some one stole, in that rayless Stygian hole,
While with loud imprisoned clanger on we rushed,
Caused the sluggish streams of age, with young madness leap and rage—
And my wife, restored to daylight, laughed and blushed.

### Grief on an Actress.

Speaking of actresses, the public only gets faint and occasional ideas of the personal griefs which are often masked by the mimic jollity of the stage. An actress at a city theater was engaged the other night in the performance of a soubrette *role*. The part called for unceasing gayety of manner and frequent laughter. The job was half done for the night, and the recess between acts was nearly over, when a telegram was handed to her. She opened it, and read the simple words, "He is dead." Her agitation was intense, but it was no time for private sorrow. The prompter's bell rang, the curtain went up and the comedienne skipped into view of the audience as merry of aspect as before. The message had dropped from her nerveless hand at the wings, and a fellow actor had picked it up. When the girl came off the scene he restored it to her.

"Isn't it dreadful?" she asked.

"Lamentable, indeed," the man replied, sympathetically. "Who is it?"

"My pet pug dog, Dicie." And during the rest of the play the poor actress masked her grief, and had not even the sympathy of that actor to sustain her until the final fall of the curtain.

### In Leap Year.

Charlie—Darling Clara, will you marry me?
Clara—Yes, but how funny!
Charlie—How?
Clara—Why, I've ten minutes of nine and I had made up my mind to propose to you at nine sharp. You have spared me a great disgrace.

### Retributive Justice.

Miss Edith (to bashful lover)—You know it is leap year, Mr. Smith, and we ladies have a right to speak frankly.

B. L. (enthused)—Oh, yes . . . you—

Edith—Well, I wish you would cease calling. I am engaged to Mr. Brown.

### Stories of a Telegrapher.

I spent last evening with a gentleman who at one time was a Western Union operator, and he told me a good many things in regard to this mode of transmitting thought by electricity, which both interested and amused me.

"It is wonderful," said he, "how much imperfect knowledge and misconception there is in regard to this subject. One day during the time I was operator in a small station in the northern portion of this State, a lady friend apologized to me for faults, etc., in a telegram she had sent me, offering the excuse that it was the first time she had ever sent one. I assured her, of course, that there was no occasion to apologize, since the original document did not, of course, come into my hands. On another occasion an old lady came into the office and presented me with a telegram duly addressed. I immediately began to open it. 'What are you about?' she exclaimed in surprise. I explained to her as politely as I knew how that it would be impossible to send the message without first reading it. 'Then,' she replied, giving me a fierce look, 'hand it back to me. Do you suppose I'm going to let you read my private affairs? I'd sooner not send it at all.' And she left the office in high dudgeon.

"While there are comparatively few people so ignorant of the workings of the telegraph as the two ladies I told you about, yet occasionally quite amusing ignorance is displayed by people one would think should know better. Serious blunders take place occasionally, also, from the imperfect writing of the receiving operators. You have, of course, heard the story of the famous doctor who was sent on a fruitless journey by receiving a telegram worded: 'Don't come too late.' As originally handed into the telegraph office the message read: 'Don't come, too late.' And in the transmission the signal denoting the comma was omitted, and hence the great inconvenience the recipient was put to.

"I made quite a book of such, at one time, which impressed upon my mind very forcibly the importance of being very careful. In the office in which I was then working there was still one of the old Morse instruments. A Harrisburg firm sent to one of their country agents: 'Send rails ten feet length.' Now, the letters 't' and 'n' are in the Morse code represented by a dash (—) and a dot (.) respectively; but in transmitting the message the instrument in recording the word 'ten' signaled two dots instead of a dash and a dot, and 'the' was thereby converted into 'in,' the message reading: 'Send rails in feet length.'

"I once saw a book in which an operator had gone to the trouble of making a list of some of the mistakes made in the transmission of messages, but I have forgotten the most of them. I will recall as many as I can.

"An old gentleman who had left his wig in the room where he had been sleeping, had his message so unmercifully changed by either the sending or receiving operator that the word 'wig' became 'wife' when the message was received at its destination. Diligent inquiry and search was of course made for the missing lady, but without avail. Another story tells of exactly the reverse happening. A gentleman being detained out on business telegraphed for his wife, but was strangely surprised and mortified to receive by the next train his 'wig' instead.

"A strange mutilation of a telegram, hardly to be accounted for, happened where an operator of a small station was surprised to take from his instrument a telegram addressed to the 'Master of Miseries.' He was, of course, very much puzzled how to effect its delivery until it suddenly dawned upon his mind that it was intended for the 'Master or Mistress' of a social club in the village.

"A large number of the erroneous messages which pass over the telegraph can be attributed directly to the bad penmanship of the sender. Of instances where a person telegraphed to the broker with reference to certain stocks which he desired to have transferred was alone responsible for the mutilation which occurred in his message, in which, with graphic brevity, he described the transferee as of 'Largo, Fife, widow.' The broker received it as a large fine widow." In this connection I am reminded of being in Benjamin Harris Brewster's office on one occasion when a messenger boy came in and handed him a message which he had written and sent to the telegraph office but a few minutes before, and as he did so, said: 'Mr. Brewster, the operator want you to read this.' The ex-attorney-general looked hastily up from a law paper in which he had been absorbed, and, seizing the bit of paper, scanned it for a moment and then in a loud and angry tone of voice: 'Who the h— wrote this, at any rate?' No wonder the operator had given it up in despair.

"Not a few marriages have taken place between telegraphists, the courtship having been carried on through the medium of the wires. Nor need you wonder that Hymen sometimes plays a part when I tell you that a certain love code exists, known only to the parties now interested, and it is even possible for a sentimental operator to transmit a kiss instantaneously. I've seen it done.

"On one occasion I also knew it to be used for a very different thing from making love. It was in 1862, and I was spending my summer vacation with my uncle, who lives near Williamsport, Penn. He has a very large house, and my room was on the third floor. One night I was suddenly awakened by hearing a faint ticking which sounded not very unlike a telegraph instrument, only it was more indistinct.

"In an instant, from the force of habit, I was wide awake, although it took me at least half a minute before I realized that I was not in my office and had been called over the wire. I listened, and the ticking began again. 'Come up; all right,' is what I heard. I pinched myself to make sure I was not dreaming, but I again heard the ticking. 'Come,' is what it said this time. I jumped out of bed, and seizing my revolver, started toward the door. As I did so I heard some one rapidly running down the stairs. I opened the door and ran down the steps, and reached the sitting-room just in time to see some one jump through the window and run. From the echo of the rapidly-retreating footsteps I could tell that there were two pairs of legs. Burglars had pried open the window and got into the house. One of them had evidently come upstairs and given his companion on the second floor the telegraphic signal to come up, which meant that the coast was clear, and that all the occupants of the house were asleep."

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## The Hands.

A delicate, well-kept hand is one of the chief points of beauty, therefore every woman who would add to her attractions should bestow careful attention to those details which affect not only her personal appearance, but reveal a refined and cultured mind. The gentlewoman of to-day is not a useless doll to show off fine clothes and jewels but has many occupations, and devotes some part of her time to actual attention to her home, and is not above arranging and assisting in such matters as contribute to its beauty and harmonious effect. Thus, perhaps she may have less delicate hands than the woman who does nothing at all; for, if constantly used even in such light matters as writing, painting, or sewing, they will be less white than if always in repose. But a little care will preserve soft, fine flesh, and daily attention will keep well-rounded and polished nails.

The treatment necessary for some hands is not suitable for others, but all should see that their toilet necessaries are such as will assist in the care of the hands. If the hand is naturally white and delicate, you have only to guard against temporary disfigurement, such as stains, chilblains, and that soreness of the skin which is generally spoken of as chapped hands. For stains caused by ink, paints, fruit, and other similar things, you place a few drops of oil of vitriol in cold water, and wash the hands without soap; or, for lighter or more superficial stains, you take a little vaseline, and, after well rubbing the hands round and round, you wash in warm water with soap. Pumice stone, as sold by the chemist, is useful on all washing stands, as it smooths down any hard surfaces or rubs out slight stains or marks.

Another necessary adjunct to the dressing table is the little Parisian box used by the manicure, and which may be bought for a small sum of any chemist or perfumer. It contains a boat-shaped implement, covered in chamois leather, and furnished with a handle, and there is a tiny box of fine pink powder of a slightly gritty nature. You breathe on the nails, and then sprinkle them with the powder, and polish briskly on the chamois pad. But before this process is reached you must first use the other little implement, which is of ivory, with one end almost shaped like a pen, the other fitted with a small brush. In the centre is a flat file, on which you carefully shape the tops of the nails, rounding them off on either side to follow the line of the finger. Scissors should never be used for the finger nails, as by cutting them you make the nails coarse and thick. With the ivory point you clean the finger nails, and also gently push back the flesh to reveal the white crescent and to prevent the skin splitting and forming "hang nails," which quickly appear if the skin adheres to the nails.

Wash the hands always in warm water, and do not be sparing with the brush or the soap. If in cold weather your hands are liable to chap, keep a small pot of honey, and, just before you dry the hands, dip in a finger and well rub the hands round and round; give a slight rinse and dry carefully, dust a little oatmeal on them and rub off with a dry towel.

To whiten and soften the hands there is nothing equal to real almond paste; and when I so emphatically say real I mean that which is made from sweet and bitter almonds pounded in a mortar, and not of lard or other fatty substances mixed with almond oil, this composing the ordinary compound known as almond paste. For hands which are red and coarse the following treatment will soon effect a change, but it must be persevered in, as it is quite impossible to change the color and texture of the skin in a few days, and those who believe the wonderful assertions on some patent medicines must indeed be of a credulous nature. Once you get the improvement, it is not difficult to retain, but perseverance only will attain this. Your first precaution must be to use warm water always; if you are subject to rheumatism or chilblains let it be of medium warmth only. Keep a pot of fine oatmeal and a puff on your washing-stand; dry the hands with a bath towel, rub briskly, and dust with oatmeal. At night use rather warmer water, apply a flesh or ordinary nail brush all over the hands, and quite clean, then apply almond paste, and sleep in easy-fitting gloves. Chevrette gloves, with four or six buttons, are preferable to kid, which soon become greasy on the outside. A pair of these gloves will last for months if real almond paste is employed.

To make good almond paste, obtain of sweet and bitter almonds each two ounces, pound to a paste, and work up with half an ounce of Windsor soap cut in fine shreds. To this add, two drams of spermaceti and half an ounce of oil of almonds; oil of bergamot, twelve drops. Subject to a gentle heat, stir well, and cool in china pots.

A mixture of honey, lemon juice, and eau de cologne is exceedingly useful to whiten the hands when discolored by sun, wind or work, and may be kept mixed for the purpose in a small toilet jar. Take a wineglassful of each ingredient and mix well; then pour into the jar, and keep closely corked. This may be applied night or day, and the inside of the fingers rubbed with pumice stone.

Cold cream made with oil of almonds is a good substitute for almond paste, but does not whiten the hands so much, although it softens the skin. To make this, mix half an ounce each of white wax and spermaceti; oil of almonds, four ounces; orange or elderflower water, two ounces. Before adding the latter, subject the ingredients to gradual heat, and, when liquid, add the orange water and stir gently. Stand in cold water to cool. Cold cream made from hog's lard tends to coarsen the skin, when it becomes flabby and wrinkles soon form. Emollients are of two kinds, namely, those which lie on the skin and form a poultice, and those which are of a light greasy nature and easily penetrate and fill up the pores. These latter should be avoided; therefore the almond paste and the cold cream of almonds should be selected in preference.

When the hands are of good color, but the skin lacks softness, glycerine is useful, but it has no effect on the color. The hands may be, however, greatly improved in texture if, after the nightly wash, they are well coated with glycerine and dipped into oatmeal, or well powdered with the same.

Glove are, of course, necessary, and should fit well at the wrists; otherwise the loose oatmeal becomes disagreeable. Bran is supposed to have great influence on the skin, and some manicures advise glycerine and bran which has been stewed in water. The bran is used quite moist, and is therefore, of similar type to the bran poultice which our great-grandmothers used on the neck and arms, which, being daily exposed by the then fashionable decollete gown, were no doubt a source of trouble to them.

Some women suffer terribly from chilblains, which are not only painful, but when they appear on the hands cause great disfigurement. They are caused by frosted or congealed blood, which is difficult to disperse, consequently the prevention is more simple than the cure. Immediately that cold and frosty weather sets in, take these simple precautions: Wear high, warm under bodices, and, above all, let your dress sleeves be warmly lined, and let the sleeves reach to the wrist. A pretty fancy cuff will help greatly, and flannel or swansdown sleeve linings are advisable. Wear woollen stockings, well drawn up by suspenders, as cold feet affect the whole body, especially the head and hands. At night put a teaspoonful of spirit of ammonia in the water, and use a loofah or a flesh brush for five or ten minutes; then dry, and, if you do not sleep in gloves, wear warm cuffs under your nightgown, and white woollen sleeping socks.

Never plunge the hands into very cold or very hot water, and do not expose them to the air without stout gloves and a warm muff. Above all, attend to the wrists and arms, as wrapping the hands only is of little avail. Long, close-fitting armlets do more to prevent chilblains than any outward applications. If chilblains appear in spite of or from neglect of these precautions, let not the first twinge be neglected. Get either of the following mixtures and apply night or morning, or whenever the chilblain is troublesome, and remember that friction, combined with a stimulating lotion, helps to disperse the chilblain:

Lotion No. 1: Spirit of rosemary, five parts; spirits of wine, one part. No. 2 lotion is more active, and consists of tincture cantharides, two drams; soap liniment, ten drams. On the first sign of redness or irritation an excellent plan is to rub briskly with one of the lotions named, and to cover the part with adhesive plaster; but friction is earnestly advised, or if this is neglected until there are symptoms of their appearance, then apply a lotion and friction every two hours.

Broken or ulcerated chilblains should be washed with tincture of myrrh in water; but with care, and wearing warm clothing, chilblains may be prevented, or at least will not reach beyond the first and easily cured stage.

—*The Lady.*

## A Clerical Mistake.

A large man of most dignified appearance and generally clerical attire, stopped at a small apartment house in Twenty-ninth street, and rang one of the fourth floor bells.

"Who is it?" called a shrill voice through the tube.

"I'm the clergyman, madam. I am making a few parish calls this morning and I thought I'd stop a moment. Please open the door."

"Well, it's time you came, replied the shrill voice. "The condensed milk you brought yesterday was stale, and the vinegar you've been blowing about as so fine has been working until it blew the stopper out of the cruet. I think your grocery is a fraud."

The clerical ear at the street end of the tube heard this reply in speechless surprise and then he called up earnestly:

"You've made a mistake, madame; I am the clergyman. If you are busy I will call again."

"Butcher's man!" she asked, doubtfully.

"Clergyman!" bawled out the reverend gentleman in the doorway.

"Well, I'm glad you've come yourself instead of sending the man. My husband says if you send us any more old sheep for spring lamb, he'll go around and break your head with one of the chops. Come upstairs, I want to see you."

But the clerical gentleman was gone, and he hurried up Sixth avenue as rapidly as if the irate husband, chops in hand, was on his track.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## The Double-Headed Infant.

W. H. H. (pathetically)—Can it ever be anything but a freak? I'm afraid not; and I had built such high hopes on it, too.

Before. The Vote. After.

*"Truth Crushed to Earth," etc.*

Sir Richard—And now, gentlemen, in the face of these facts and figures I say to the Government, *What are you going to do about it?*

And *this* was what the Government did about it.

## Severe on the Transparent Young Woman.

A recent article claims that an absolutely transparent woman is an interesting novelty. She is, but scarcely an agreeable one. The innocent, unsophisticated, faulting creature who confides her woes, her secrets and her fears to the world, may be interesting to somebody, but she's a nuisance to more bodies. This serene unconsciousness—put on with her gloves in more cases than a few—so praised by men is never by these same admirers tolerated in sister, or cousin. This, to me, is a straw showing just how strongly they really admire the transparent young woman.

## Praise and Blame.

So the world gives me blame!
Ah, could the world but know
What secret springs of shame
And self-abasement flow
From my cleft heart, below
The sources of all blame!

And friends have given me praise:
Yet none have hit the love
That spans my nights and days,
Nor seen the little dove
That flies so far above
The arrows of their praise.

## Prayers from a Political Standpoint.

A minister visiting a Congressman's family in the West End conducted family prayers the first morning after his arrival, at which the Congressman was not present, and the small boy of the house interviewed him at breakfast:

"What was that you prayed for?" he inquired, abruptly.

"Why, Johnnie," expostulated the mother, "you must—"

"Oh, let him go on," said the minister, with a smile; "I love to hear these innocent little prattlers. You want to know, my child, what I prayed for!"

"Yes, sir," responded the boy, politely.

"Well, I asked the Lord for wisdom, for guidance, for protection—"

"That's it," said the boy, interrupting him; "that's it. You prayed for protection!"

"Yes, my boy," replied the surprised minister.

"Well, you can't do it any more in this house. My pa is a free trader, and if he gets on to your racket he'll raise a row with you, sure."

Explanations followed which removed the limit from the minister's petitions.

Things always look rather blew after a cyclone.

## Gentlemen's Fashions.

THE WALKING SUIT.—For a promenade in the afternoon, after the day's work is finished by the man of business, who can leave his occupation early enough, or for the constitutional of the man of leisure, much latitude in the matter of dress is allowed.

COAT.—He may don a cut-a-way suit of one piece of cloth, or a dark cut-a-way or Prince Albert coat, with trousers in breezy figures of plaids, or stripes, or checks, or mixtures. The dark coat may be of a heavily ribbed material, diagonal or rougher goods, and may be black or blue, or dark shade.

VEST.—The vest may match the coat, with or without an inner edging of white duck, or it may be of more fancy design, blue, maroon or other colored grounds dashed with small figures in contrasting colors, of which there are innumerable patterns to be had.

SCARF.—The scarf must be either a four-in-hand, a flat, or a de Joinville tied by hand. For colors there is the whole range of the outfitters' stock to draw from, and a touch of brilliancy in the coloring of the neckwear for the street is commendable.

OVERCOAT.—It is the fashion to take your exercise without an overcoat, and in severe weather a heavy undervest of flannel or chamois skin is adopted rather than support the weight of the outside garment.

The walking overcoat is made of light colored venetians or dark cheviots, cut single breasted, fly front, rounded edges and soft roll.

The whole costume should be set off with a boutonniere of white or colored flowers, and the swing of a walking stick should keep time with the rhythm of the step.

The above are hints and styles furnished by Mr. Henry A. Taylor, importing tailor, No. 1 Rossin House block, Toronto.

"Renting articles for occasions," said a New York jeweler, "is a growing feature with us. It is hardly a regular business, but a number of the large houses are in it to a certain extent. They call it accommodating their friends, but they collect fees. It is not improbable that it will grow in this city to the proportions it has assumed in London. There is a woman in that city in the business of renting jewelry who frequently lets out fifty thousand or seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of jewels in the evening. They blaze on their wearers' persons, and nobody knows they are only borrowed glitter. Who are the borrowers in this city? Mostly men. You would not think it. You would guess that feminine vanity was at the bottom of the business. But the male bird is the vain one, let me tell you. Besides, women usually own more gems than men. The articles loaned are diamonds principally—studs, collar-buttons, rings, sleeve-buttons, etc. Men want them for receptions, weddings and dinners. Women borrow bracelets, and occasionally a necklace. Now, a magnificent necklace can be got up for three thousand five hundred, or four thousand dollars, that the non-professional observer will think worth ten thousand dollars. Fancy the feelings of a woman who wears such an article at a swell ball! She's happy, isn't she? Well, such an article has been rented several times this winter. Jewelers, of course, do not let these valuables to people they do not know. They exact security for the most expensive. Articles of vertu and bric-a-brac for adorning a room are often rented also. All these must be returned early the next morning."

There is a big difference between a tried and trusted man, and a trusted and tried man.


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# AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES

When the Philanthropist starts to accomplish some good
If he's earnest, energetic and straight
You can make up your mind he will surely succeed
In spite of that which we call fate.
He works early and late, with never a thought
Of troubles he is certain to meet,
He maps out his course and goes stra ahead
Nor pauses to dream of defeat.

I appeal to the ladies to lend their support
To the movement which all must endorse,
Viz: Close the stores early: give the clerks a fair chance.
You approve? Well, I thought so of course.
Now come early to Dorenwend's, select what you wish
In bangs, waves, or in fancy goods rare
Or in switches and pins, magnificent fans,
Wonderous "Magic" if for that you should care.

Don't postpone till six what you might do at four
Nor till twelve the shopping for ten.
The clerks will all bless you and serve with delight
When Dorenwend's you visit again.
So let me repeat if you wish to assist
The patient, industrious clerk,
Pray think of the wearisome hours they pass
And your duty I'm sure you'll not shirk

The proprietor of the Paris Hair Works is strongly in favor of the measure for Early Closing, and it depends almost entirely upon the general public whether this custom should be observed. Let the ladies lend their aid and the gentlemen will be sure to follow in the effort to secure reasonable hours for the clerks. Remember that Dorenwend's latest spring styles are just at hand and should be examined.

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## SPRING JACKETS

A large lot of $3.50 Tweed Jackets, marked down to $1.50. Two hundred and fifty Jersey Jackets formerly $3.50 to $5.00, now $1.50 to $3.25. Ask to see these goods. It will pay you. A very choice selection of NEW SPRING JACKETS in Black, Brown, Fawn, Gray and Navy from $3.75 up. A few elegant Pattern Mantles in Silks, Jets, Satin Rhadames and Moires. These are the choicest goods imported this season. Five hundred Rubber Circulars from $1.25 up.

## BLACK DRESS GOODS

The largest and finest collection in the city, bought at a great reduction from original cost and now offered at hitherto unheard of prices. No lady requiring anything in this line should fail to inspect our stock.

## COLORED DRESS GOODS

Tweed effects from 10c. per yard. All wool Camels' Hair Beiges at 12c. and 15c. All wool Zetta Cords from 18c. to 25c. All wool Jersey Cloths at 18c. worth 25c. Cashmeres from 25c. to 40c. Double fold French cloths at 45c. worth 60c. The latest combinations in stripes and fancies. This line of novelties is strictly confined to ourselves. A choice line of Satin Moires in all the leading shades at 75c. really worth $1.25. Be sure to see our 75c. Satin Merve.

GLOVES, HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Kid gloves in Black and Colors from 38c. up. Lisle, Taffeta and Silk Gloves at greatly reduced prices. Cotton, Lisle, Cashmere and Silk Hose at special values. CORSETS from 25c. up. We have a Corset at $1.00, made specially for our trade, in cream and white, guaranteed for one year not to break or curl.

All Prices in Plain Figures. No Trouble to Show Goods. Dressmaking and Mantlemaking an Art with us.

H. S. MORISON & CO.

The Ladies' Tailors, successors to J. Pittman & Co

## Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

fresh-looking tulle frock with satin bodice, trimmed with heavy pearl fringe—the prettiest costume of the kind in the room. Mrs. Skae, crimson satin and white lace. Miss Rutherford, black velvet en train. Miss M. Rutherford, heliotrope. Miss Armour was in tulle—white, with steel passementerie. Mrs. W. J. Baines wore a very handsome primrose satin with headgear to match. Mrs. Dawson, violet, velvet and crepe. Mrs. Hoskins, black velvet train, skirt of jet. Miss Hodgins, amber corded silk. Mrs. Chris. Baines, white satin. Miss Covernton, mauve tulle and satin. Mrs. Grantham, ruby plush and pink silk. Miss Osler, old gold. Mi s Horrocks, pale blue tulle. Mrs. Widmer Hawke, navy blue velvet train, embroidered petticoat. Mrs. Armour, black, with red berries and coral ornaments. Miss Spratt, white net. Miss Bethune, pale blue. Mrs. Leslie was in a handsome white satin with heavy jet.

The Italian string band were stationed in the upper hall and gave out sweet strains of melody and opera until midnight, when they changed their stand to the lower hall, and their music to something more lively, to which a few dozen lingering couples kept time in the mazy waltz and romping polka, till the "wee sma' hours," and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

## Music.

The short season of opera—if the visit of Emma Abbott can be called a season—called out monster houses at the Grand on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Such venerable works as Trovatore, the Bohemian Girl and Martha were relieved by only one novelty, Marchetti's Ruy Blas. This latter opera has been successful on the Continent and in England where Carl Rosa has made it a prominent feature of his repertoire. It is not a great work, either dramatically or musically, though it has good situations and pleasing airs, with an occasional good concerted bit. Probably a good deal of the indifference with which I regarded this opera is due to the general lack of the higher powers of art in the individuals comprising the company.

The artists give one an uncomfortable idea of being either sung out, or on a perilously near approach to that undesirable condition. Miss Emma Abbott is a prima donna for whom patriotism has worked hand in hand with nature, with here and there a little dilip from art. She is America's Emma, and the national pride of a large section of the more inexperienced territory of the great United States has enabled her to secure highly laudatory notices from the press, and on this her fame has largely rested. Her voice is not large but has considerable range, and, while inclined to screechiness in the upper register, is not on the whole very unpleasant. Her acting knows no repose. She cannot act and stand or sit still. She must move around and "fill the stage," to use a technical term.

To the student she offers nothing worth imitating, and that she, as the titular prima donna of an opera company, should be able to draw such houses as those of this week, is a good thing for the Grand Opera House. Her support was of a similarly good, bad and indifferent character. Miss Annandale is a good actress, and has been a good singer, but lacks delicacy and elegance, and when she has spoken parts she is distinctly an "American" singer. Messrs. Pruette and Broderick, the baritone and basso, are good. It was especially refreshing, after the strained and often foggy tones of the other singers, to hear Broderick's clear tones come out freely and nobly as they did on Tuesday night. Pruette is a good actor and has a very bright resonant voice which he uses well, and as Plunkett, in Martha, was a decided success.

The tenors, Messrs. Montegriffo and Michelena, are of about equal excellence; the former having somewhat the advantage in clearness of timbre, but both show themselves overworked. Miss Helen Bertram, the other soprano of the company, has a light pleasing voice but will probably soon fall off if she continues singing such exacting roles as that of Martha. Those of us who were fortunate enough to see and hear the National opera company with all its complete appointments must have been disappointed at the meagre dressing and absence of any appropriate scenery and stage setting, also with the indifferent chorus. In pleasant relief to this was the excellent conducting and control of his forces shown by Signor Tom asi.

In one respect this company is unquestionably weak, and that is the singing of concerted music. I have never heard a company of such pretensions sing its duets, trios, quartettes and such like so absolutely badly as the Emma Abbott English Opera Company does. One of the prettiest trios ever written, Through the World, was sung without showing a single, solitary beauty. In another matter the long-suffering public was doomed to disappointment. So much has been said and written about the succulent Abbott kiss, and many of our society young people attended these performances in the hope, no doubt, that they might be able to obtain valuable pointers on this interesting department of courtship and love. The students of the osculatory science were doomed to disappointment. The Abbott kiss did not materialize. Whether Toronto's fame as a highly moral centre frightened the artiste, or whether the kiss was quarantined by the customs authorities I know not, but it certainly did not osculate.

The past ten days have been full of minor musical events, which have all been well attended. The great growth of the city seems to have strengthened the concentration of interests, and the parochial and local combinations are becoming more popular than ever. On Thursday evening of last week the choir of Holy Trinity church gave a costume concert, which was received by a crowded house. Upwards of fifty boys and men performed a programme of part songs and operatic selections and a military drill for boys. Into this latter feature, which was extremely well done, was introduced the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust. This and the Policemen's Chorus from the Pirates of Penzance, and the Anvil Chorus from Il Trovatore were warmly applauded. Miss Jessie Alexander gave a reading in splendid style, and Mr. C. E. Rudge sang the celebrated barcarole from Ricci's Prigione de Edimburgo. The whole affair reflected great credit on Mr. A. R. Blackburn, the organist of the church, whose concert parlorchoir have made this one of the best choirs in the city.

Friday evening brought out the Gaels in great force for the Crofters' benefit at Shaftesbury hall. Songs and recitations, some of which were in Gaelic, and of such crackjaw tendencies that I almost expected the singers teeth to drop out. Chalk-talk by *Grip* and the sweet and pastoral bag-pipes rounded off a programme of most delicious variety. The pipes especially were effective in more ways than one. Miss Maggie Barr, for years the favorite Scottish ballad singer among us, made her first appearance in Toronto for some three years and was royally welcomed. Her Land o' the Leal has lost none of its charm and is still worth the price of admission. Miss Ramsay, a young debutante with a pretty, fresh and clear voice, and Miss Jardine-Thomson, who is one of our promising young vocalists, were the other singers, excepting, of course, Mr. Cringan's Gaelic choir which rendered some Scottish selections to the evident satisfaction of the audience.

Monday evening was signalized by a very fine concert in St. George's schoolhouse given by the Ladies' Aid Society. The lady singers were Miss Morgan and Miss Maud Gilmour. Miss Morgan seemed to be in poor health, but her singing had all its old charm. Miss Gilmour has a beautiful voice, and with experience and proper training may be expected to give an excellent account of herself in time. Miss Elwell played two concertina solos in splendid style, and Mrs. Waldron, wife of the new Grenadier's bandmaster, played a piano solo as well as one on the violin. I did not stay to hear all the concert, therefore missed the violin solo, but can say from her work on the pianoforte that this lady is an accomplished musician. She has good technical ability with considerable executive force. She played Raff's Polka de la Reine in good style, though a trifle slowly. Mr. R. Randolph Arndell gave quite a unique rendering of the Lost Chord. Messrs. Walter Read, Schuch, Fraser and Jerome also sang, the latter especially being in capital voice.

Tuesday night gave the good people of St. Stephen's church a chance to gather and hear some of Toronto's best talent in the schoolhouse. Miss Morgan, Miss Langstaff and Mr. J. F. Thomson were among the vocalists, and the programme was well extended by the playing of Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison's clever Rhapsodie Canadienne, by the fair composer herself. This lady also read Dickens' Boots at the Holly Tree Inn. A large audience attended this entertainment and liberally applauded the performers.

A concert is to be given by the young ladies of the Ontario Ladies' college, Whitby, in the Pavilion Music Hall, next Friday evening, under the direction of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Newsboys' Home, one of our most deserving charitable institutions. The programme includes the rendition of the fairy cantata, Cinderella, by Carl Reinecke, and promises a most enjoyable evening's entertainment. Those who attended the concert given by the pupils of this college on a former occasion were surprised at the excellence of the performance, and with their past experience the young ladies will, no doubt, give even a better account of themselves on Friday evening.

METRONOME.

## Personal.

Miss Ryan and Miss Rita Ryan of Brockville are visiting at their aunt's, Mrs. Wm. Ryan, 91 Isabella street.

The Liederkranz club will give an entertainment on Monday evening in their hall, Union Block, Toronto street.

Mr. Totten of the Imperial bank left on Saturday last for Winnipeg to take a position in the branch of the bank in that city.

An enjoyable leap year party was given by Miss Black of Little York last week. A number of her city friends were present and spent a pleasant evening.

On Wednesday evening Miss Florence, daughter of Mr. G. W. Dunn, will be married to Mr. Montreville W. Mills, of the British American Insurance Co.

Mr. H. Pearson, wife and daughters, left on Monday by 3:55 G. T. R. for New York, on an extended tour in Europe. A large circle of friends wished them bon voyage.

### Ocean Travel.

Mr. A. F. Webster, agent for the Cunard, has decided to run a special Pullman from Toronto to New York next Thursday, April the 26th, to catch the great steamer Umbria. He has for sale yet a few choice berths. This party will be personally conducted to New York by P. J. Sharp, Canadian passenger agent Erie railway.

PATENT COVERS FOR HOLDING "SATURDAY NIGHT."—Simple and strong. Order one and save your papers from getting torn or lost. Price, $1.25; cost of carriage extra. Being too large to be sent by mail it must be shipped by express. THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, 9 Adelaide street west, Toronto.

Somebody in England wrote a book lately, which professed to teach how one might dress on £15 a year. I also read, recently, an article in an American paper, in which a bride described to her friends the very pretty trousseau which she had obtained for $50. I do not propose to show how anybody may dress well on a phenomenally small sum, but simply to give what aid I can to persons striving in that direction.

In the first place I would say that even though a woman's dress be very shabby, if her boots and hat be but neat and ladylike, her gloves whole, and her collar fresh, she will make a favorable impression. On the contrary no dress, however handsome, will carry off a pair of shabby, worn down boots, or a weather-beaten hat.

Pay, therefore, a sufficient sum for your boots to ensure that they shall be flexible and well-fitting. Do not get very high heels; they are vulgar-looking on the street. Do not get your boots short. You can wear them narrower if you get a size too long, and a long, slender foot is much prettier than a short, broad one. Do not indulge in low shoes, for unless you have also a pair of boots to put on in bad weather you will look ridiculous and wretched in the rain and mud, when everyone else appears comfortable. Remember, it is not always May.

There are many curious hats and bonnets in vogue this year. Do not choose the most peculiar form, for, even though it might be quite becoming, its mere peculiarity will be a temptation to people of doubtful social position, and the style will soon be discarded by the better classes. Another argument against peculiarity is that all your female friends will be impressed with the precise date of its acquisition and the period and steadiness of its service. Better invest in a hat which, though fashionable, is not pronounced in its style; something which, while becoming to your style of face, will yet be so unobtrusive in fashion that you may wear it constantly from now until November and bring it forth next spring and summer to serve for a bad weather hat.

Velvet, as a facing, is more becoming than any other material. Ribbon velvet, as a trimming, is always ladylike, but there are a thousand varieties of exquisite silk ribbons to choose from this year. Do not spend a little money on a small quantity of ribbon, and make up the deficiency with a bunch of poor flowers. I have seen a hat or bonnet, which might have been a triumph of amateur millinery, utterly vulgarised by a bunch of poor roses. I would not advise anyone to use roses as a trimming unless they can have the very best. Perhaps the cheapest flowers which are both dressy and ladylike are poppies, and the different colors of the daisy which have recently been so popular.

About midsummer you might make up a red tulle bonnet (they are to be so fashionable that every woman must possess one) over the transparent wire frames which are sold for this purpose. Cover the frame with tulle and make a big, fan-like bunch on the top. Strings of the same material will be becoming, for tulle near the face suits everybody. Stringless bonnets are only suited to evening or carriage wear.

There is a time-honored saying that a lady is always well glloved. This is a distinguishing feature which is not easily attained by a girl of small means, especially if she have half a dozen sisters with yearnings in the same direction. The common interpretation is that a lady, whatever the amount of funds at her disposal, invariably buys the best quality of glove, of the most fashionable make, which retains to the end a glossy spick-and-spanness unknown to the vulgar herd. I have known very delightful people, notwithstanding, who were sensitively eager to conceal the mangy condition of their gloves. There are women who imagine that to be well-gloved they must wear a number five glove on a number seven hand, thereby distorting their thumbs and webbing their fingers with kid to an agonizing degree.

It certainly pays to buy good gloves, if you can afford the immediate outlay. If not, then, in buying cheap kids examine the finger-tips to see if they are likely to admit your own well into the point. Those which leave a small point of kid projecting over each finger give a very ugly, claw-like appearance. Buy a large enough size to go on easily, as there is little or no elasticity in cheap kids, and they are more liable to burst than to give. Silk gloves wear through the points very soon, but many people cut them down for mitts after the fingers are past mending. Should you resort to this device do not profane your hands by wearing rings so large and massive as to be only fit for your brother's or husband's sinewy fingers. Dark gloves, while more becoming to the hands, are also more serviceable. as they will outlast half a dozen pairs of light ones.

Do not be guilty of the silliness and extravagance of wearing white petticoats in all weathers. The skirt of one of your last season's dresses trimmed with a little fresh braid will look infinitely better and more sensible in bad weather.

I have often heard women discussing whether it is more advisable to expend all their pin money on one dress of fine material, or by taking cheaper goods, be enabled to indulge in two dresses for the same sum. I have seen both plans tried, and must confess that of late years I have been converted to the latter. A dress at $1.50 a yard when worn steadily for six, nine, or twelve months, (one must be so anxiously careful over an expensive dress when one is poor,) brings but vexation of spirit. Two dresses at 20 cents a yard, would furnish a very welcome even though a very small variety in the life of the toiler. And at this price there would be a surplus sufficient for the extra trimmings and linings. Of course the cheap materials I wish to recommend are those which have merely dropped in price because the fabric is no longer modish. With fashionable buttons and tasteful knots of ribbon I have seen such dresses compare favorably with goods at six times the price. But do not let your dressmaker cut up your material into a bewildering patchiness. Have it made plainly and unmixed with any other fabric. It will look more elegant, and if you have to do the dress over again, it will be more easily picked to pieces, and shabby portions can then be replaced by another material. Of course, should the chance come to you of purchasing for yourself a silk or velvet dress, I should say decidedly, buy only the very best. I have spoken only of materials for ordinary wear, with the intention of assisting the poorer members of my own sex to preserve an appearance of being well dressed at all times, even though the effect may be obtained at the very cheapest rate.

NUOVA AULA.

## Matthew Arnold.

Lo! at fair eventide there shall be Light,
Though from our mortal ken there passeth one
Into the harbor from the outer night,
Whose life's fair task-work was all nobly done.

EUSTACE KIRBY.

## St. Matthias Cricket Club.

The semi-annual meeting was held on Monday last. After previous business, the following officers for the coming season were appointed: President—F. G. Plummer; vice-president—C. E. Atkin; captain—H. R. Redway; vice-captain—O'Donnelly; sec.-treasurer—F. J. Perrin. The club is now open for challenges, and will defy the world. F. J. Perrin, at 772 Queen street west, will be happy to receive challenges. Last year, out of eight matches we only lost one—the prospects this season are equally promising. The club intends giving a concert on May 1 in St. Andrew's hall.

HORSE.

## The Cyclone.

*For Saturday Night.*

The cyclone's an agitator,
And a special ventilator,
That works the bailiwick for all it's worth.
Oh, the sweet voluptuous ease
Of its calmly go-as-you-please,
As it mixes up the objects of its mirth.

And when its sighs are over
When the native creep from cover
And gaze with sadness o'er the festive scene,
They know its gentle zephyrs
Have worked their best endeavors,
And left the land-marks few and far between.

—H. K. C.

## Out of Town.

LONDON.

The residence of Mayor Cowan, Berkhill, was on Tuesday evening filled with a happy throng of young people who, notwithstanding the opposition of a terrible rainstorm, had gathered to spend a social evening with Miss Cowan and her visitors, Miss Peters and Miss Walker, previous to their departure to resume their studies at Bishop Strachan school, Toronto. Dancing to the music of the Italian band was indulged in till an early hour in the morning.

OTTAWA.

The play Everybody's Friend, which was rendered at Government House theatricals, was repeated on Thursday and Friday evenings by the same performers at the opera house, for the benefit of a charity in which Lady Lansdowne is interested. The performance thus thrown open to public criticism stood the test and realized a good round sum of money for the charity. Mr. Kimber was again the Major Wellington de Boots, and Mrs. Stewart Mrs. Major W. de B. Indeed, so successful altogether were the theatricals that it is said the amateurs thirst for further opportunities of earning fame.

An entertainment for another charity has taken the place of the theatricals in the public gossip. This is the old fair, or to give it the orthodox spelling adopted by its promoter, "ye fayre of ye olden tyme." We were promised representations of an old London street, old shops, costumes of the last century, strange sights, theatrical performances, grand procession, military bands and all the fun of the fair. The event opened in the drill shed on Wednesday night and continues for four days. The scene at the opening on Wednesday was very brilliant. The managers of the show have succeeded in enlisting the services of the majority of the pretty girls of Ottawa. In one booth was to be seen busily employed as saleswomen, three of the Capital's handsomest daughters, Miss Church, Miss Skead and Miss Spooner, and it would be difficult anywhere to match this trio of graces. The Misses Schreiber, Broughall, L. Powell, Walker, Jarvis, Meredith, Ogilvie, enact the roles of apothecary's apprentices, and equally apprentices they are. His Excellency opened the fayre on Wednesday night, and subsequently a grand procession and a dance of merry milk maids took place. The evening wound up with the farce "Up in the World," in which Messrs. J. A. Ritchie, Fred W. White, G. A. Henderson, C. W. Badgely, T. C. White and Misses Millie White and Jessie Gordon took part. Judging by the way in which the first night went off, the "fayre of ye olden tyme" is going to reward its organizers for their cares and toils.

This social event will hardly be concluded before active preparations will be begun for the ball which is to be given at Government House on 26th inst. This will undoubtedly be the last of the public festivities given by Lord Lansdowne in Canada.

Capt. and Mrs. Bowie gave an At Home at Cedar Heights, on Tuesday night. Over a hundred were present.

WATCHMAN.

CHATHAM.

Mr. W. F. Ireland left on Monday week last for Detroit, where he will fill a position somewhat similar to the one he held here in the Chatham Manufacturing Company.

Mr. C. B. Marsland, who has gone to the Molsons Bank at Norwich, will be much missed in sporting circles during the coming summer. He was one of the best players in our football club, and unsurpassed on the cricket field.

The changes in the banks here are always watched with interest, and there is to be one very shortly in the Merchants' Bank staff, I am told.

Miss Minnie Moore is back in town from Cleveland, where she has been making a visit.

Mr. Yarker, general manager of the Federal Bank, was in town on business last week. The local staff has, by Mr. Marsland's departure, been reduced to three.

FEDORA.

FERGUS.

Last Friday evening a few of the bachelors of the town gave a small social hop in the new court house. This was the inaugural by the devotees of Terpsichore in the new building. The floor was in excellent condition, and the music—Ross' orchestra—very good. Among the number present I noticed from Guelph Mr. Mrs. and Miss Findlay, the Misses Saunders, Miss Crawford, Miss Chisholm, Messrs. Du Mauritz, Gammon, W. G. Bond and Boyle; from Fergus, Mr. and Mrs. E. May, Mr. and Mrs. Muir, Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Armytage, Mrs. Elliott, the Misses Pattison, Miss Wilson, Miss Beattie, Miss Morton, Miss Black, Miss Ferguson, Messrs. Humphries, Wilson, J. McK. Watt, Dr. O'Reilly, Messrs. Oxley, Ross, Beattie, Wilson, Webster and Tweddle.

We are pleased to hear that Dr. Groves, who has been so dangerously ill, is rapidly convalescing, and if no relapse takes place, will soon be out again.

Miss McCracken of Toronto is the guest of the Misses Argo this week.

The marriage of our most popular belle, Miss Minnie Pattison, to Mr. C. E. Hoffman of Berlin, on Tuesday last, has been the leading society event of the season. The bride was attended by her sisters, Miss Stella and Miss Madeline; Miss Hoffman of Berlin and Miss M. McLean of Newbury, as bridesmaids. The bride was the recipient of a great many handsome presents from friends here and many parts of the Province. After the wedding breakfast the happy couple departed on a tour through the Northern States. In the evening Mrs. Pattison entertained her guests by giving one of the largest and most successful parties that has taken place for some seasons. Among the large number present were friends from Toronto, Guelph, Berlin and Elora.

Another of Fergus' most popular young ladies, Miss Ibbie Cattanach, was united on Wednesday last, in the holy bonds of wedlock, to Mr. Charles McGregor of Brantford. The newly-wedded couple will spend their honeymoon in New York.

Miss Kate Strong of Mount Forest, Miss Daisy Enigh of Woodstock, and Miss Minnie Patterson of Oakville are the guests of Mrs. Wm. Pattison, this week.

Mr. Seneca G. Ketchum is in town.

Mr. Oxley, who has been visiting Mr. E. Hay, has taken his departure for Virginia. He purposes visiting friends there for a time, and will afterwards return to Toronto.

Mr. Shaw of the Oakville *Star* is the guest this week of Mr. John Craig.

CAMEO.

BARRIE.

On Thursday evening, April 12, a most enjoyable evening was spent at Sunnyside, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Baker. Sunnyside has lost none of its brightness, as the young people seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. Dancing commenced early, and finished sometime in the "wee sma' hours." I noticed Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Sanford, Miss Reinne, Miss Spry, Mr. W. Spry, the Misses Tothill, Mr. F. Crease, Mr. H. C. Crease, the Misses Mason, Miss Miller, Mr. F. S. Stevenson, Miss Holmes, the Misses Forsyth, Miss M. Cotter, Miss Stewart, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. F. Hornsby, Miss Hornsby, Miss Kortright, Miss Kally, Mr. E. G. Bird, the Misses Bird, the Misses Ardagh, Miss Way, Mr. T. G. McCarthy, Miss Schreiber, Mr. W. A. Boys, Mr. F. R. Boys, Miss Boys, the Misses Pilsworth of Toronto, Miss Buchler of the Batteaux, Mr. Hale, Mr. Lauder, Mr. Gillett, Mr. Collins, Miss Campbell, Mr. Porter, Miss Fan, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. E. J. Rogerson, Mr. Eston, Mr. Bourne, Mr. Schrieber, Mr. F. Baker of Hamilton, Miss Hall of Toronto, Mr. McGregor and Mr. Furgeson.

Invitation cards are out for the Thespians' dramatic entertainment on Tuesday evening next. I think the manner of getting people to the entertainment by invitation is a poor one. Someone is sure to be offended.

I regret that in my letter last week I omitted to say that Major Ward and his orchestra furnished the music for the Kermiss.

Next week I expect to have a letter on the dramatic performance of the Thespians.

VERITAS.

## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

### Births.

Tyler, Mrs. George, on 11th inst.—a son
Fleming, Mrs. J. H., on 20th ult.—a son
Greene, Mrs. H. Vincent, on 10th inst.—a son
Anderson, Mrs. J. A., at Whitevale, on 11th inst.—a son
Macdonald, Mrs. G. McK., Montreal, on 15th inst.—a son
Rathburn, Mrs. F. S., at Deseronto, on 14th inst.—a daughter
Mulholland, Mrs. R. A., at Port Hope, on 11th inst.—a son
Owen-Jones, Mrs., at Ottawa, on 10th inst.—a daughter
La Rochelle, Mrs. N., at Ottawa, on 11th inst.—a son

### Marriages.

Bliss, William Dickson, son of the late Rev. C. P. Bliss, of Ottawa, to Margaret, second daughter of Richard Bishop, of Ottawa, on 11th inst., by the Ven. Archdeacon Lauder, assisted by the brother of the groom
Greenwood, F. S., M.D., L.R.C.P.S., to Margaret Ellis, at St. Mark's, Surbiton, London, Eng., on 10th inst
Rae, William, of Toronto, to Jessie J. M. McLeod, of Drynoch, Oak Ridges, at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Oak Ridges, on 17th inst., by the Rev. Canon Osler, of York Mills
Turner, John, East Garafraxa, to Mary Anna Young, at the residence of the bride's mother, Maple Hill, on 11th inst., by the Rev. W. C. Armstrong, of Hillsburg
Macpherson, Capt. J. S., of Rama, to Anne, only daughter of Capt. Chas. Smith, on 11th inst., by the Rev. Geo. Webber
Braithwaite, Arthur Douglas, of the Bank of Montreal, Calgary, N.W.T., to Marjory W., second daughter of Wm. Hendrie, Esq., at the Central Presbyterian church, Hamilton, on 18th inst

### Deaths.

Crooks, Jno., at Maple, on 12th inst., aged 53 years
Glendinning, John, at Newcastle, on 8th inst., aged 58 years
McDonald, Alex., Crown Lands Department, on 13th inst., aged 80 years
Murray, George, at Elora, suddenly, aged 67 years
Fleming, J. H., at St. George, on 12th inst., aged 52 years
Hager, Charles, at Hagersville, on 11th inst., aged 71 years
D'Irumberry De Salaberry, Emile Guy, at Montreal, on 11th inst., aged 71 years
Macalister, Alexander, at Kingston, on 11th inst., aged 69 years
Dykes, Mary Parker, at Kingston, on the 11th inst., aged 78 years
Somerville, Hannah, at Chinguacousy, aged 28 years
Bunker, Mary Emma, at Toronto, on 14th inst
Elliston, Benjamin Franklin, at Thornhill, on 14th inst., aged 20 years
McDonald, Rebecca, at Hamilton, on 16th inst., aged 63 years
Jackson, Frances Lawrence Piffe, at Toronto on 16th inst., aged 67 years
Hetherington, Samuel, at Toronto, on 16th inst., aged 42 years
Greer, Hannah Eveline, at Colborne, on 16th inst.
Christie, Robert P., at Toronto, on 17th inst., aged 24 years

**The Battle of Sedan.**

As a work of art alone, the Battle of Sedan is worthy the commendation of the severest critics. The wide spread of canvas, so much more extensive than any other similar battle scene, does not show an inch of space that is not worked out in finished detail, yet contributes to the imposing effect of the whole composition. From it, whatever direction you will, all around the circular wall of canvas, radiating from the central observatory, from the dim distance of the misty horizon to the nearer hills, ravines and forests, and the narrow valley and ever immediately in front of the spectator, the eye finds something to arrest it, to attract and interest. Towns, villages, isolated houses to right and left, bridges, trees, ponds are depicted with the utmost accuracy, yet with such artistic grace—for the buildings have the imprint of ages with the life of the present time; the trees bend in the breeze; the ponds of overflowed water reflect the trees, the sky and the clouds. The aerial perspective and the battle, the terrible battle, is there in all its thrilling, its ennobling, its fearful features, and France's sun of glory goes down before the overwhelming hosts of invincible Germany. It is something grand. It is a wonderful battle scene. Every stranger should not fail to see it when visiting the city. It is located at Front and York streets.

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**MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 23rd**

THE REPRESENTATIVE IRISH COMEDIAN

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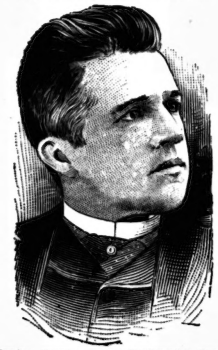
"PEEK-A-BOO."

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. AUGUSTUS PITOU.



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**SHANE-NA-LAWN**

AN IRISH COMEDY LOVE STORY

Shane-na-Lawn will be continued Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, also Wednesday matinee. Thursday, Friday and Saturday matinee and night, Fred. Marsden's romantic drama,

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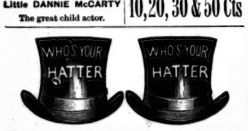


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## A GRAND CONCERT

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PAVILION MUSIC HALL, TORONTO

**On Friday Evening, April 27th**

Commencing at 8 o'clock. Dr. Daniel Wilson, president of University College, will preside. The programme will consist of choice vocal and instrumental selections and the rendition of Reinecke's beautiful fairy cantata "Cinderella," by a chorus of 100 ladies.

TICKETS, 50 CENTS.

Reserved Seats may be secured without extra charge at I. Suckling & Son's, on and after Tuesday, April 24, at 10 a.m.

VICTORIA HALL, Queen St. East near Yonge

## Amateur Theatricals & Concert

IN AID OF THE VICTORIA HOME FOR THE AGED.

Under the patronage of the commandant and officers of C School of Infantry,

**Wednesday and Thursday, April 25 & 26**

During the afternoon of each day, commencing at 2 o'clock, there will be music and afternoon tea, and a

**SALE OF FANCY WORK**

Tickets, good for either afternoon, 10c.

On Wednesday evening, the 25th April, a Concert will be given in which Mr. J. F. Thomson will take part followed by the laughable farce,

"ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS"

The dramatis personæ as follows—Major Regulus Rattan, Mr. H. M. Boddy; Victor Dubois, Mr. W. H. Holland; Mr. Sprigging, Mr. George Dunstan; Mrs. Sprigging, Miss Katie Boyd; Angelina, their daughter, Miss Cook; Julia, wife of Major Rattan, Miss M. Macdonald; Anna Marie, maid-of-all-work, Miss Thomson.

Thursday evening, the 26th April, Byron's comedy entitled

"OUR BOYS"

In three acts, by Mr. P. V. GREENWOOD'S talented company of ladies and gentlemen. Dramatis personæ—Sir Geoffry Champneys, a county magnate, Mr. Ernest J. Wood; Talbot Champneys, his son, Mr. K. Greenwood; Perkyn Middlewick, a retired butterman, Percy V. Greenwood; Charles Middlewick, his son, G. Grant Francis; Violet Melrose, an heiress, Miss M. Francis; Mary Melrose, her poor cousin, Miss Thomson; Clarissa Champneys, Sir Geoffry's sister, Miss Alice M. Wood; Belinda, a lodging-house slave, Miss Edith F. Poingdestre.

Doors open at seven, performance to commence at eight o'clock each evening.

**Tickets, 25 Cents, Reserved Seats, 35 Cents**

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## First Grand Concert

**Y. M. C. A. ORCHESTRA**

(40 Instruments)

Under direction of Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge, assisted by Miss Thomson, Soprano; Miss Geikie, Violin; Mr. Geo. Taylor, Tenor; Mr. Curran, Basso; Mr. Sparks, Baritone; Mr. Lawson, Cornet; Mr. Arlidge, Flute; Messrs. Kleiser and Kavanagh, Readers, and others, a splendid programme.

**Association Hall, Tuesday, April 24th**

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

TICKETS 25 CENTS.

Reserved seats may be secured at Nordheimer's on and after 18th inst. without extra charge. See programme.

THE

## SCHUBERT QUARTETTE

OF CHICAGO

ASSISTED BY

MISS FAST, Mezzo Soprano

MISS GEORGIELLA LAY, Pianist

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SACRED CONCERT

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ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

**Association Hall**

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**HORTICULTURAL GARDENS,**

**THURSDAY, APRIL 26TH**

Tickets, 50c. Seats may be reserved without extra charge at A. & S. Nordheimer's on and after Monday, April 23, at 10 a.m.

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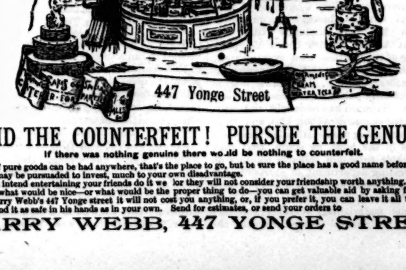


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